

with recovered from this attack and lived for several years after.

## LIEUT. ROBERT D. KERR.

His efforts to comfort his mother in his letters for his enforced absence are very pathetic in view of subsequent events. He wrote from Camp Merritt, California:

"Let us hope that we will be together in dear old Pocahontas soon.

"I shall do the best I can and be as good a man as I can, and do my duty, which is all that can be expected. Let us leave our destiny to Him who can control it, and do what seems to be *our* duty.

"Now let's be happy. Everybody ought so to adapt themselves to circumstances and so be as well as they can be, for surely worrying will not help them.

"Maybe I ought not to go, but I can't see it that way, and I have pondered over it by the hour."

The family appreciate the following letter of condolence from General Wilson:

Washington, D. C.

August 9, 1898.

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## In Memoriam,

ROBERT D. KERR.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I never knew this man whose splendid life  
Was not caught hence in hot and bitter strife  
Of battle where the bullets whistling sped,  
And the wild shells went crashing overhead;  
But, blighted by the scorching fever's breath,  
Ere yet his sun had risen, he sank in death.

But, brave and faithful, I had marked his way,  
Not one to flinch, wherever duty lay,  
Honored already for his gifts, and sought  
Because of work, his hands and brain had wrought,  
Beneath his country's flag no truer son  
Has given his life, so that her cause be won.

Asleep, beneath the blue Pacific waves,  
Where deep the ocean keeps her many graves,  
God's loving eye hath marked and keeps the spot;  
The honored name that knew not stain or blot,  
Is written high on scroll of deathless fame,  
But safer still, our Father keeps his name.

And he shall rise, when dawns that day supreme  
Which oft we see in vision and in dream;  
When the great angel sounds his trumpet blast,  
And all God's saints awaken, time and past,  
And death and war and earthly peril and pain,  
All of the things that never come again,  
Then he shall rise and they who grieve to-day  
Shall meet him where the shadows flee away,  
And ever more in that dear father-land,  
Shall find the loved and hold him by the hand.

Grieve not, oh! tender broken mother-heart,  
As one who doth not know the better part,  
Father and sister, all the household dear,  
Think of him now as safe, and sometimes near;  
For Heaven is never very far away  
And Christ is evermore our strength and stay  
If, trusting Him, we take life's loss and dole,  
As sent to make us, by His blessing, whole.

Sleep well beloved! No tears shall break thy rest,  
The waves that wrap thee from all earthly quest,  
Break softly on the shore where all is balm,  
And Heaven sings ever the unending psalm.

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He was a born gentleman, and no one ever came in reach of his strong personality but was won by his geniality and loved and admired him. His life was full of promise and he had an host of friends. His sister Miss Emma Warwick, who was more than a mother to him, was with him at his death. Within the past five years this devoted family has buried five of its members. The father, mother, sister, and two brothers.

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They used to tell a tale on Ben Davis that was something like this: Before every important engagement General Lee would come galloping along and halting near the regiment would ask, "Is Private Ben Davis in the ranks?"

"He is."

"Then let the fight begin!"

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County Sketches.

III.

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and one a large and important deliberative body met assembled in the city of Charleston. The occasion was one of international importance and the press of all nations discussed the possible effect of the congress. It was the first annual Conference of the Justices of West Virginia, and the thrones of Europe creaked through the uneasy movements of their occupants, who were anxiously waiting the result.

This new force was brought into play by the suggestion that the justices meet for concerted action, and over five hundred magistrates from the different counties gathered in Charleston. The trains were crowded with them and the hotel people were paralyzed. Never had the city seen such dignity and portentous gravity, and the justices had the liberty of the town. When not in session they gathered in groups to discuss knotty legal questions: Under what circumstances, if any, could corn in the shock be considered legal tender? Could the statute of limitation be pleaded to defeat the operation of an offset? Should the defendant be bound over to keep the peace unless the plaintiff was also so bound? And the argument would grow warm, until an aristocratic city justice from Parkersburg or Wheeling, who, it was whispered, collected a thousand dollars in fees a year, would decide the matter in controversy and all would be silenced if not convinced.

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He would in this presence where he could not be misconstrued denounce the Circuit Judge, the natural enemy of the justice. The proudest moment of his life was when he had been reversed by a pampered circuit judge, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court, there to be reversed and the judgment of the justice to be affirmed and restored. The higher courts recognized that the justice was near the soil; that he entered into the hearts of the people. The speaker would beg leave to pronounce a eulogy on that compendium of law pertaining to justices, embraced in chapter 50 of the Code of West Virginia. He would say without fear of successful contradiction that Chapter Fifty was the most perfect and complete compendium of law to be found on the face of the globe, and that to deprive the common people of its reliefs and remedies would be to strike a deadlier blow at their liberty than to wipe of existence every other page of the Code (Cheers). That like the Holy Writ, he never read Chapter Fifty without finding something new and some thought or provision he had never noticed before, and if he should continue in office a hundred years he never could hope to fathom all the mysteries of said chapter.

Then divesting himself of his linen duster and dropping his port-manteau, formed of one side of a pair of leather saddle bags, against the leg of the table, Squire Asbury Turner took the chair on the 6th day of August, 1901, amid loud and continuous cheering.

Messages from the powers were read. Wm. J. Bryan, then in the the White House, wrote to say that he would have liked to have addressed the body if his duties and his friends still permitted him to speak.

His Royal Highness, King Albert of England, sent word that he thought it was a good thing and hoped they would push it along.

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The meeting being open for business a tall, slender, dark bearded man, of a dyspeptic look, arose from the back part of the hall and stated a grievance.

"How could smoking be prevented in the office while court was in session?" he asked. Some of the members seemed pleased to hear this question raised, but others, with long cane stems sticking out of their pockets looked black when the matter was mentioned.

The speaker said he had given this subject much thought. He did not use the pesky stuff himself and some times when his court was in session the attorneys, witnesses and spectators would fill their pipes and puff until the smoke was thick enough to be cut with a knife, and it made him quite sick. He would go home and could not eat any dinner. He had tried punishing the smokers for contempt by fining a man one dollar, but he had had a fine cow pizened a few days after, which he thought was to be attributed to the summary proceedings. He had he had heard of justices themselves smoking on the bench, but he hoped none such were present, and he would like to hear some suggestions to cure this evil.

A substantial looking man, smooth-shaven, with a very obtrusive pipe stem in evidence, got up and said he hoped the good brother would excuse him, but that he thought there might possibly be something said in favor of tobacco as aid to justice. He reminded the assembly that we were mere children in the use of the weed; that the Indians had taught us the use of tobacco; that they never pretended to pass upon a question of importance without the soothing and qualifying effect of a smoke of tobacco. He believed that the day would come when all judges high and low would use tobacco on the bench. As for himself he found that it sustained him and he believed sustained his cases in the circuit court. He saw nothing undignified in a pipe. Of course the atmosphere of his court was such that the cigarette did not flourish there; it was distinctly out of place. As for him he hoped that he would be permitted the comfort of a pipe during the tedious hours of a trial.

On motion the question was laid on the table.

A lean, hungry-looking justice got up in the corner of the hall and said there was a matter of vital importance calling for reform. He would have the law changed so that the justice could hold both parties liable for his costs. He had had great difficulty, he said, to give costs against an insolvent plaintiff. Justice might demand it, but in justice to a dependent family he could hardly do it. It was referred to the committee on costs.

The sessions of the body lasted for three days. Many resolutions relating to their mutual protection were adopted, and which the legislature as a matter of form transposed into laws.

Fees were increased on a uni-

form scale of 50 per cent.

No husband or parent was allowed to schedule against a justice's costs.

The jurisdiction of justices embraced all matters concerning real as well as personal property.

Appeal could be had only directly to the Supreme Court.

Justices were given power to grant divorce.

When a justice took a case as attorney for either side he was entitled to 10 per cent on the judgment rendered.

A magistrate had the power to impeach a member of the county court.

And many other innovations too numerous to mention.

The sessions ended with a general banquet, at which the justices all drank until they looked happy or solemn as the case might be. The following is a list of the toasts "Chapter Fifty."

"Litigation, the Hope of the Land."

"Fireside Law, or Nuts for the Justice."

"The Justice's Dream, or Costs."

"Its an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good."

HAZLEWOOD, W. VA.

Morgan Shrees is very sick. Allie Daniels is building a dwelling house.

Uriah White, of Dry Fork, was a guest at the Hazlewood House Sunday.

C. C. Hart, proprietor of Hazlewood House, was in Valley Bend Sunday.

Miss Raer, of Belington, has been with relatives at the Lick for a few days.

Some of our people attended the Old Ironside Baptist Association at Montrose last week.

Several of the rail road employees on the Harrisonville extension are down with the fever.

Eli Moore, Chief of Police of Montrose, has been visiting his aged mother, Mrs. Charissa Wees, at Pleasant View.

Wallace Irvin, a teamster for the contractors on the railroad grade, got his foot severely mashed four days ago.

Rev Eagle preached has preached his farewell sermon at all his appointments. We are sorry to lose such a good from among us.

Leslie Harding and Charles Lewis, privates in Company E, 1st West Virginia, are at home on a furlough, dangerously ill of malarial fever. Sergeant Harry O'Brian was detailed to bring them home. He has gone back to join the command, which is still at Chicamauga.

Mrs. R. M. Boyers, of Vanderbilt, Pennsylvania is spending a while with her sister-in-law, Mrs. L. B. McLaughlin, of Spruce. Mr. Boyers is a sergeant in Company D Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and is now in the Philippines, under General Merritt. He took part in the capture of Manila, at which place his close friend and comrade Corporal Walter Brown was shot dead in his presence.

Mixed Maxims.

Virtue is its only reward.

The wages of sin is debt.

Policy is the best honesty.

Many hands like light work.

Osculation is the thief of time.

Every dogma must have its day.

A bird in the hand lays no eggs.

A man is known by the trumpet he keeps.

Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.

The lack of money is the root of all evil.

Where wisdom is bliss, 'tis folly to be ignorant.

Chain up a child and away he will go.

The course of free love never did run smoothly.

All that a man hath will he give to his wife.

It's a wise child that owes his own father.

The rolling stone catches the worm.

A thirsty man will catch at a straw.

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.


Straws show which way the gin goes.

The woman who collaborates is lost.

It is not good for a man to give a loan.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.

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The speaker said he had given this subject much thought. He did not use the pesky stuff himself and some times when his court was in session the attorneys, witnesses and spectators would fill their pipes and puff until the smoke was thick enough to be cut with a knife, and it made him quite sick. He would go home and could not eat any dinner. He had tried punishing the smokers for contempt by fining a man one dollar, but he had had a fine cow pizened a few days after, which he thought was to be attributed to the summary proceedings. He had he had heard of justices themselves smoking on the bench, but he hoped none such were present, and he would like to hear some suggestions to cure this evil.

A substantial looking man, smooth-shaven, with a very obtrusive pipe stem in evidence, got up and said he hoped the good brother would excuse him, but that he thought there might possibly be something said in favor of tobacco as aid to justice. He reminded the assembly that we were mere children in the use of the weed; that the Indians had taught us the use of tobacco; that they never pretended to pass upon a question of importance without the soothing and qualifying effect of a smoke of tobacco. He believed that the day would come when all judges high and low would use tobacco on the bench. As for himself he found that it sustained him and he believed sustained his cases in the circuit court. He saw nothing undignified in a pipe. Of course the atmosphere of his court was such that the cigarette did not flourish there; it was distinctly out of place. As for him he hoped that he would be permitted the comfort of a pipe during the tedious hours of a trial.

On motion the question was laid on the table.

A lean, hungry-looking justice got up in the corner of the hall and said there was a matter of vital importance calling for reform. He would have the law changed so that the justice could hold both parties liable for his costs. He had had great difficulty, he said, to give costs against an insolvent plaintiff. Justice might demand it, but in justice to a dependent family he could hardly do it. It was referred to the committee on costs.

The sessions of the body lasted for three days. Many resolutions relating to their mutual protection were adopted, and which the legislature as a matter of form transposed into laws.

Fees were increased on a uni-

form scale of 50 per cent.

No husband or parent was allowed to schedule against a justice's costs.

The jurisdiction of justices embraced all matters concerning real as well as personal property.

Appeal could be had only directly to the Supreme Court.

Justices were given power to grant divorce.

When a justice took a case as attorney for either side he was entitled to 10 per cent on the judgment rendered.

A magistrate had the power to impeach a member of the county court.

And many other innovations too numerous to mention.

The sessions ended with a general banquet, at which the justices all drank until they looked happy or solemn as the case might be. The following is a list of the toasts "Chapter Fifty."

"Litigation, the Hope of the Land."

"Fireside Law, or Nuts for the Justice."

"The Justice's Dream, or Costs."

"Its an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good."

HAZLEWOOD, W. VA.

Morgan Shrees is very sick. Allie Daniels is building a dwelling house.

Uriah White, of Dry Fork, was a guest at the Hazlewood House Sunday.

C. C. Hart, proprietor of Hazlewood House, was in Valley Bend Sunday.

Miss Raer, of Belington, has been with relatives at the Lick for a few days.

Some of our people attended the Old Ironside Baptist Association at Montrose last week.

Several of the rail road employees on the Harrisonville extension are down with the fever.

Eli Moore, Chief of Police of Montrose, has been visiting his aged mother, Mrs. Charissa Wees, at Pleasant View.

Wallace Irvin, a teamster for the contractors on the railroad grade, got his foot severely mashed four days ago.

Rev Eagle preached has preached his farewell sermon at all his appointments. We are sorry to lose such a good from among us.

Leslie Harding and Charles Lewis, privates in Company E, 1st West Virginia, are at home on a furlough, dangerously ill of malarial fever. Sergeant Harry O'Brian was detailed to bring them home. He has gone back to join the command, which is still at Chicamauga.

Mrs. R. M. Boyers, of Vanderbilt, Pennsylvania is spending a while with her sister-in-law, Mrs. L. B. McLaughlin, of Spruce. Mr. Boyers is a sergeant in Company D Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and is now in the Philippines, under General Merritt. He took part in the capture of Manila, at which place his close friend and comrade Corporal Walter Brown was shot dead in his presence.

Mixed Maxims.

Virtue is its only reward.

The wages of sin is debt.

Policy is the best honesty.

Many hands like light work.

Osculation is the thief of time.

Every dogma must have its day.

A bird in the hand lays no eggs.

A man is known by the trumpet he keeps.

Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.

The lack of money is the root of all evil.

Where wisdom is bliss, 'tis folly to be ignorant.

Chain up a child and away he will go.

The course of free love never did run smoothly.

All that a man hath will he give to his wife.

It's a wise child that owes his own father.

The rolling stone catches the worm.

A thirsty man will catch at a straw.

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.


Straws show which way the gin goes.

The woman who collaborates is lost.

It is not good for a man to give a loan.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.

—Exchange.

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Pat Magee.

Walkin' wid Pat Magee.  
Down by the Tullagh bog,  
"Mind where ye're settin' yere stheps,"  
says he,  
"I est yez put yer foot on a frog."  
Frogs is the devil," says he,  
"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,  
"Av I carried yez over to yondher wall  
The sorry a frog we'd see."  
Sittin' wid Pat Magee  
A-top of a loose built "all,"  
"It's unaloy I am in my mind," says he  
"Dreadin' the stones might fall."  
Stones is the devil to slip,  
"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,  
"Av I gave yez waist a bit of a clip  
The sorry a fear there'd be."  
Talkin' wid Pat Magee,  
Wid the arm av him round me waist,  
An' the red sun sinkin', "Aghiah," says he,  
"Will yez let me spake to the praste?  
Delays is the devil's delight."  
An' I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,  
"Av the two of us settle this matter  
to-night."  
"Tis married next week we'd be."  
Lena Gyles, in Temple Bar.

County Sketches.

IV.  
THE SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

Miss Isabel Evans had applied for the Hickory Hollow School and had done everything she could do to get it. before she was elected teacher. Whereas the Hickory Hollow School should have had to get down on bended knees to secure her, for teaching that school was a thankless task. While Miss Isabel was a fine girl, fresh and wholesome and good to have near. She had been born and bred in the city, and for reasons not necessary to be detailed here she was forced to earn her own living, and she naturally took to teaching school. By special acts of Providence do such delightful girls go into the school-room to educate and refine by their presence the youth of the land.

Under the West Virginia laws, the supervision and local government of a school is solely in the hands of three trustees who are appointed for a term, and who aim to exercise as much tyranny as they can squeeze out of the office, if they take any interest in it whatever. Unfortunately the West Virginia trustee, when he takes any steps in office at all, is apt to be like the author of all mischief, active only in evil. Too many good men remain dormant while their more contentious colleagues are making trouble for some unfortunate teacher.

Hickory Hollow had its full quota of three trustees. Ike Adams was the contentious member who always acted from conscientious motives, and he considered it his duty as an official to make the teacher's life miserable. The way he harried the school teacher showed him to be very ingenious in inventing tortures. He represented the worst type of petty tyrant who made use of every atom of his power. He was the owner of a small farm, and at the time of which we write he was struggling with a debt which encumbered his land, and which he was slowly but surely reducing.

The second trustee, Martin J. Frame, was a hard headed old farmer who was naturally a mean man and who if necessary could nerve himself to a desperate deed. Adams was just a gad fly, but Frame was a copperhead. But he flew at higher quarry than a school teacher, and excepting the fact that he turned a cold eye of disapproval on all that the school teacher did, he was not a bad man to have as trustee. He was one of those cranky trustees who are always protesting against a woman teacher. He always made the point that he wanted a man teacher.

The remaining trustee was John Harmon, a good looking young bachelor about thirty years old. He owed his appointment to the fact, probably, that he was the richest and most influential man of the neighborhood. He refrained from taking any active part in the school matters, reminding others of the fact that he had no children to send to school. He paid about seventy dollars tax each year to the schools, and he had a deep-seated prejudice against the whole system, and held his office

as trustee only for the reason that it was less trouble to serve than it was to resign.

Pretty Miss Isabel had no business teaching school. She was best suited for some good man to worship as his wife, but she was twenty-one and he had not come along yet, and she thought she could make herself useful teaching school. It was late in the year to apply for a school, but her boy cousin took her to see the trustees of the Hickory Hollow School.

Ike Adams was first interviewed and though he did not reply favorably to her application was inwardly very much pleased, for his mortal enemy, an old field school-teacher named Anthony Carter, had applied for the school, and it looked like his would be the only application and they would have to accept him. The Hickory Hollow neighborhood was such a great gossiping centre that school-teachers were a little shy of it, and such a thing as the school hunting the teacher had never been heard of in the county of which we write.

When they interviewed Martin Frame on the subject he took particular pleasure in disappointing them. "See here," he said, "I've got two strips of boys meaner'n gar broth, and a little wisp of a woman like you can't manage 'em. I take a man to flail some sense into them. I'll have to vote for Carter."

Here was one neutral and one antagonistic, with one more trustee to see. They drove to the big farm John Harmon owned and where he lived. They found him in the barn-yard among his cattle, and he came to meet the strangers with the air of a man in his own domain. When he heard their business he looked at the young lady and seemed somewhat doubtful.

"Are you sure you want to teach these heathen over here. I don't believe you know what you are asking for. I'd sooner drive balky mules."

"I can't choose, sir. I've got a certificate and all the other schools are taken. I will do my best," she added bravely.

"Well, I'll help you all I can, and if you get the school you mustn't blame me if you have a time with it. One thing sure, I won't let them worry you. Tom, (to the boy), you drive over to Alex Winston's—my brother-in-law, Miss, and I'll ride down and corral the other trustee and make them put you out of your misery. You are sure you want the school are you? Well, don't be too hard on me if I vote for you."

Miss Isabel and her boy cousin drove to the adjoining farm, and the visit was a little informal, they were welcomed by Mrs. Winston. The boy went fishing down a little trout stream as soon as possible, and the two women found it would suit each other and spent a pleasant day. Late in the afternoon John had ridden in on his big sorrel horse to tell Isabel she had been elected teacher. He was not surprised to hear his sister say to him as he left: "I like her, John. Her father and mother both died last December. He was a minister in our church and she has n't any money much. If she wants to board with me she shall do it." And Allie Winston took a stand in the way of a woman who owns the farms on which she lives.

In due time the school opened and Miss Isabel found teaching the Hickory Hollow school not as bad as it had been painted. A storm was brewing for her, however, of which she was unconscious. Mrs. Winston and she were great friends. Her pupils loved her and she had lots of theories as to teaching to put in practice. Ike Adams had voted for her out of hate to her opponent, and this rendered him dangerous. He had an indictment of numerous counts about prepared, and after the school had gone on two months and Isabel began to feel that she was self reliant and had some work to do the storm was about to break.

During those two months of the

most beautiful weather Harmon, the trustee, had at least shown some interest in the teacher, if not in the school. It was remarkable how often he would happen to come along the road just as school was out and speak to the teacher and walk with her to his sister's. He would get down from his horse looking very uncomfortable, and not the nobleman that Isabel had seen him look on his horse when he did not know she was looking at him. One day they stopped on the brow of a hill, and Harmon showed her his head and cattle, and he seemed to be keeping something back that Isabel would have been a fool not to understand. But what she thought of Mr. Harmon in those days is something which the mind of man is not to know.

It was shortly after that, Ike Adams got his mine ready. He would break up that school, and Martin Frame was a good second. One day Mrs. Winston had her especial riding horse saddled and went to see her brother.

"That pesky Ike Adams," she said, "is trying to break up Isabel's school, and I want you to make him behave himself. That girl, John, is the only woman I have ever seen I wanted for a sister, and I want you to put a spider in the old fellow's dough. What do you think of Isabel, John?" But John did not say, for if he failed in what was in his mind he did not want anybody to know.

On a short time Adams came to see John. It was to notify him to attend a meeting of the trustees at the school-house Friday evening to make the new teacher walk the plank. It was the regular three days notice. The new-fangled ways of the teacher did not suit Mr. Adams. "Going to buy a flag and put it on the school-house," said the old man. "I never seen one of them dog-gone rags cep'tin' when they was shootin' at me, and I've got a bullet in my hip now that come from the neighborhood of one of 'em. Putting on the black-board when flowers git ripe, and when partridges nest, and they cut corn, wastin' time that erway! Licking my little Abe fer sassing her, and letting them dumb Parson's younguns miss every word in the spellin' lesson and not sayin' take his gun osten the school-house, when he had a squirrel-load in it, and them dog-gone boys hidin' it till it got rusty! Makin' the boys raise their caps to her like niggers! We're goin' to meet down there next Friday and tek the school away from her."

John Harmon went away that evening and when the young school teacher, having been notified of the meeting, looked out that Friday afternoon and saw Ike Adams and Martin Frame sitting side by side on a fallen log and the third trustee nowhere in sight, her heart failed her. There they sat waiting for the school to close, like two wild animals ready to rend her. She had builded so much on the hope that John Harmon would appear as her champion. She passed a bad half-hour and then dismissed her school, and the children having reluctantly gone, she waited for her executioners. She was badly frightened as the two trustees came towards her, but her heart gave a great bound as she saw John Harmon coming through the red brush. He was walking, and it was the first time she had ever seen him away from home without his horse. The trustees gathered in the school-house, and Ike Adams said he guessed the meeting had better come to order and was working up sufficient passion to do his dirty work, when Harmon said:

"Ike, before you get down to business I just wanted to tell you I'd traded for some papers of yours. Old man Middleton wanted the money, and counted it up and I took it up because he gave me a good shave on it. It footed up \$698.00. He offered it to me for \$698 even, and as I saw a chance to make ninety cents I thought I had better do it. He assigned me the benefit of the deed

of trust, too. Now I want to know if you have any objections to the way this school is being conducted this term."

Old Ike gave a gasp and gulped a time or two, and said if it suited John it suited him.

"And, Mart, before we go into business, I just wanted to tell you that the County Court appointed me superintendent of the new road you are making around the end of Callahan Mountain, and I thought I'd go over in the morning and trustee it for you. Now how do you like Miss Isabel as a teacher?" Martin had plenty of grim humor and was quick to take a hint. He turned to the young lady and said: "Miss Isabel, I thought I'd come in and tell you that I have been converted and I think women teachers air the very thing. You've taught in this here house, and my boys have enough manners ter clerk in a store. Thought I'd jest dray in and see if you'd take the school next year."

Adams said nothing more, and he and Frame took their leave immediately. John stepped to the door and saw them ride off. He turned to ask the girl if he could walk home with her, and saw her sitting with her head on her desk crying. He sat down and putting his arm around her told her a story heard only by her ear and which therefore can not be given here, but they must have patched up some sort of a compromise for as they entered the hall, warm-hearted Allie Winston ran to them and kissed them both and said she was so glad.

Shortly Isabel resigned the school to a young man teacher and went home and John went for her at Christmas, and as he brought her home they met old Martin Frame in the road. He stopped them and wanted to know what business John and Ike Adams had in taking away the school from the only woman teacher he ever had any use for.

THE DOMINANT INDUSTRY.

The well-known man-woman writer "Bab" has been stopping at the White Sulphur, and writes about an old Greenbrier County negro who has a wonderful power.

"If there is one dominant industry in the South, one would have to admit—that is, if one wished to be honest—that it is the 'infant' one, for the average Southern family has from four to fourteen children. At a wedding given near this place not so very long ago the great desire of the bride was to keep an old darkey, commonly called 'Aunt Lizzie' as far from her as possible, since it was believed that she possessed the mystic power known as 'the laying on of hands,' which insured to the happy couple a handsome, healthy pair of twins before the year was over.

"Girls used to buy Aunt Lizzie Howard to stay away, but she was inclined to be something of a well, she was inclined to tell what was n't quite true. So she would accept the present and then appear at the wedding and stand, ghoul-like, at the door, ready to put her horrible black fingers, long and mystical looking, upon the white gown or veil of the unfortunate bride. Every Southern girl for miles around knows about her, and every one of them dreads her. Not that they do n't want to have a tribe of children—that seems to be their greatest happiness—but as a young matron put it to me, 'If Aunt Lizzie Howard does manage to 'hoodoo' you, it is not so much yourself that you care about, but for some reason the gentlemen seem to be guyed a little bit about twins, and yet why should they?'"

"Just look at the doctor that attended the gallant and religious Stonewall Jackson! Why, he had two or three sets of twins! And then think of poor General Hood with numerous pairs of twins! I do believe they were beautiful. I can't remember, but mamma says that when the Hood babies all came out with their mammy every body used to laugh and say, 'There goes Hood's battalion.' But you know we Southerners like babies mightily, and I never can think that a house is really well furnished unless there are plenty of little folks and two or three well bred dogs."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

THE COLLINS RELATIONSHIP.  
Descended from John Collins—  
Irish Emigrant, About 1798.

BY W. T. P.

For nearly a hundred years the name Collins has been a familiar one among our people. The progenitor was John Collins, a native of Ireland. He found his way from Pennsylvania to Pendleton County, where he met and married Barbara Full. He first settled on the Dunwoody place near Meadow Dale, in Highland. About the year 1800 he moved to what is now Pocahontas County, and settled on the Greenbrier, on lands at present held by William H. Collins, and built up a home. There had been some improvement begun by former settlers, but so little that to all intents and purposes he settled in the woods.

Mr and Mrs Collins were the parents of four sons and four daughters: John, James, Lewis and Charles; and Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Elizabeth.

Barbara went west; it is believed to Ohio.

Susannah became Mrs George Nottingham and lived in Athens County, Ohio.

Elizabeth became Mrs William Queen and went to Marion County, Ohio.

In reference to the sons of John Collins, Senior, we learn that John Collins, Junior, was a dealer in horses, and upon going to Richmond with a drove he was never heard of afterwards. The probability seems to be that he was killed and robbed in the Blue Ridge.

James Collins went to Lawrence County, Ohio, married Henrietta, daughter of Judge Davidson, and settled seven miles below Linton, and reared a large family. He was a prominent, prosperous citizen.

Lewis Collins was facetiously called the "Monarch of all he surveyed," being regarded by common consent the strongest, most athletic and largest man in the county. He excelled as a ditcher, fence-builder, and mower. He belted many large tracts of land, and cleared many fields. He was noted for his good temper and jovial disposition. He never was known to provoke any one, and, strange to say, he had more pugilistic knock-outs than any one person of his times. He finally went to Nicholas County where he met and married Sally Boles, and then settled in Upshur County. His children were James, Charles, Elizabeth, Margaret and Mary.

James Collins, of Lewis, married Mary Leonard, went to California and engaged in the lumber business.

Elizabeth became Mrs Sampson Jordan.

Charles Collins never married and Margaret remained unmarried and kept house for her brother at the old homestead.

Charles Collins, of John the ancestral emigrant, married Mary McCarty, on Brown's Mountain, and settled on Back Mountain where Jacob Shineberry lives. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, concerning whom the following particulars are given:

Martha became Mrs John Conaway and lived in Upshur County. Susannah lived at home with her brothers William and Benjamin.

Nancy Collins married William Cassell and lived on Back Mountain. Mention of her family in the Cassell Sketches.

John Collins married Martha Moore, of Pennsylvania John, in The Hills, and settled in Upshur County. His second marriage was with Widow Nancy McFarland, at Lumberport, Braxton county.

Benjamin Collins married Margaret Shineberry and settled on Back Mountain near McLaughlin Chapel. Their children were Peter Charles and Emma, who became John Shineberry's first wife.

Andrew Collins married Martha Boggs, of Braxton, lived awhile in Pocahontas, and then moved to Upshur. Their children were Mary, who became Mrs Lawrence Fitzgerald; and Alice who became Mrs John Reed.

William Hutcheson Collins first married Sallie Varner and located at the Greenbrier homestead. In reference to the first family these items are given:

Benjamin Collins is a minister in the German Baptist Church. He married Nancy Jane Cassell and lives on the Greenbrier homestead. James Solomon is at home.

John Riley married Birdie Hoover and lives in Upshur.

William Hunter married V. Hoover and lives on L.

Andrew M.

May G.

Samuel and Susan died in youth. Mary Elizabeth became Mrs Amos Nottingham lives at Beech Flats on the Greenbrier.

Amanda Catherine first married William Hoover on Back Mountain. Her second marriage was with Lytle Green Jackson and lives at Wetumpka, Alabama. Her last marriage was the result of an advertisement and exchange of photographs.

The second wife of William Collins was Caroline Gragg, daughter of Zebulon Gragg. The children of this marriage are Effie Alice, Joanna Susan, Lewis and Adam Hevener.

W. H. Collins was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to 1865. He first belonged to Company G, 31st Virginia Infantry, and after the seven days fight around Richmond was released from service under the rule of not enlisting over 35 years of age. When this was revoked he joined Captain William L. McNeel's Cavalry.

Sally-Joice, of Charles Collins, of John, never married, and was a confirmed invalid.

Charles Collins married Barbara Varner, of Highland County, and lived on Top of Alleghany. He was a Confederate soldier.

Samuel Collins first married Margaret Hayes and lived in Upshur. One son, John William Hayse became charmed with a show, left home and lived a life of adventure. His second marriage was with Celia Weimar, of Lewis County. They had two children, Samuel and Amanda, who became the wife of a Rev Queen, a minister in the M. P. Church, and lives in Pennsylvania. Samuel Collins was a Union soldier in the 10th West Virginia Infantry.

Thus with the patient assistance of the venerable William H. Collins the writer has been able to illustrate in part the domestic history of a family that has done a great deal in subduing our primitive forests, and prepared the way for many families to live in comfort now. The services of good, patient and toiling people should be remembered and duly appreciated by the intelligent and grateful citizenship of Pocahontas, of which we are justly proud.

The desire to see ourselves as others see us is sometimes gratified in an unexpected fashion. This, for example, is the view of Englishmen taken by an intelligent Chinaman who recently visited that country. "They certainly do not know how to amuse themselves. You never see them enjoy themselves by sitting quietly upon their ancestors' graves. They jump around and kick balls as if they were paid to do it. Again, you will find them making long trips into the country; but that is probably a religious duty, for when they tramp they wave sticks in the air, nobody why. They have no sense of dignity, for they may be found walking with women. They sit down at the same table with women, and the women are served first." In that the Chinaman has not only pictured his host as he saw them. He has with equal fidelity and force pictured himself.—Youth's Companion.

Not the Wisest Plan.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared to its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Barclay, Huntersville; Barlow and Moore, Edray.



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Hickory Hollow had its full quota of three trustees. Ike Adams was the contentious member who always acted from conscientious motives, and he considered it his duty as an official to make the teacher's life miserable. The way he harried the school teacher showed him to be very ingenious in inventing tortures. He represented the worst type of petty tyrant who made use of every atom of his power. He was the owner of a small farm, and at the time of which we write he was struggling with a debt which encumbered his land, and which he was slowly but surely reducing.

The second trustee, Martin J. Frame, was a hard headed old farmer who was naturally a mean man and who if necessary could nerve himself to a desperate deed. Adams was just a gad fly, but Frame was a copperhead. But he flew at higher quarry than a school teacher, and excepting the fact that he turned a cold eye of disapproval on all that the school teacher did, he was not a bad man to have as trustee. He was one of those cranky trustees who are always protesting against a woman teacher. He always made the point that he wanted a man teacher.

The remaining trustee was John Harmon, a good looking young bachelor about thirty years old. He owed his appointment to the fact, probably, that he was the richest and most influential man of the neighborhood. He refrained from taking any active part in the school matters, reminding others of the fact that he had no children to send to school. He paid about seventy dollars tax each year to the schools, and he had a deep-seated prejudice against the whole system, and held his office

as trustee only for the reason that it was less trouble to serve than it was to resign.

Pretty Miss Isabel had no business teaching school. She was best suited for some good man to worship as his wife, but she was twenty-one and he had not come along yet, and she thought she could make herself useful teaching school. It was late in the year to apply for a school, but her boy cousin took her to see the trustees of the Hickory Hollow School.

Ike Adams was first interviewed and though he did not reply favorably to her application was inwardly very much pleased, for his mortal enemy, an old field school-teacher named Anthony Carter, had applied for the school, and it looked like his would be the only application and they would have to accept him. The Hickory Hollow neighborhood was such a great gossiping centre that school-teachers were a little shy of it, and such a thing as the school hunting the teacher had never been heard of in the county of which we write.

When they interviewed Martin Frame on the subject he took particular pleasure in disappointing them. "See here," he said, "I've got two strips of boys meaner'n gar broth, and a little wisp of a woman like you can't manage 'em. I take a man to flail some sense into them. I'll have to vote for Carter."

Here was one neutral and one antagonistic, with one more trustee to see. They drove to the big farm John Harmon owned and where he lived. They found him in the barn-yard among his cattle, and he came to meet the strangers with the air of a man in his own domain. When he heard their business he looked at the young lady and seemed somewhat doubtful.

"Are you sure you want to teach these heathen over here. I don't believe you know what you are asking for. I'd sooner drive balky mules."

"I can't choose, sir. I've got a certificate and all the other schools are taken. I will do my best," she added bravely.

"Well, I'll help you all I can, and if you get the school you mustn't blame me if you have a time with it. One thing sure, I won't let them worry you. Tom, (to the boy), you drive over to Alex Winston's—my brother-in-law, Miss, and I'll ride down and corral the other trustee and make them put you out of your misery. You are sure you want the school are you? Well, don't be too hard on me if I vote for you."

Miss Isabel and her boy cousin drove to the adjoining farm, and the visit was a little informal, they were welcomed by Mrs. Winston. The boy went fishing down a little trout stream as soon as possible, and the two women found they would suit each other and spent a pleasant day. Late in the afternoon John had ridden in on his big sorrel horse to tell Isabel she had been elected teacher. He was not surprised to hear his sister say to him as he left: "I like her, John. Her father and mother both died last December. He was a minister in our church and she has n't any money much. If she wants to board with me she shall do it." And Allie Winston took a stand in the way of a woman who owns the farms on which she lives.

In due time the school opened and Miss Isabel found teaching the Hickory Hollow school not as bad as it had been painted. A storm was brewing for her, however, of which she was unconscious. Mrs. Winston and she were great friends. Her pupils loved her and she had lots of theories as to teaching to put in practice. Ike Adams had voted for her out of hate to her opponent, and this rendered him dangerous. He had an indictment of numerous counts about prepared, and after the school had gone on two months and Isabel began to feel that she was self-reliant and had some work to do the storm was about to break.

During those two months of the

most beautiful weather Harmon, the trustee, had at least shown some interest in the teacher, if not in the school. It was remarkable how often he would happen to come along the road just as school was out and speak to the teacher and walk with her to his sister's. He would get down from his horse looking very uncomfortable, and not the nobleman that Isabel had seen him look on his horse when he did not know she was looking at him. One day they stopped on the brow of a hill, and Harmon showed her his head and cattle, and he seemed to be keeping something back that Isabel would have been a fool not to understand. But what she thought of Mr. Harmon in those days is something which the mind of man is not to know.

It was shortly after that, Ike Adams got his mine ready. He would break up that school, and Martin Frame was a good second. One day Mrs. Winston had her especial riding horse saddled and went to see her brother.

"That pesky Ike Adams," she said, "is trying to break up Isabel's school, and I want you to make him behave himself. That girl, John, is the only woman I have ever seen I wanted for a sister, and I want you to put a spider in the old fellow's dough. What do you think of Isabel, John?" But John did not say, for if he failed in what was in his mind he did not want anybody to know.

On a short time Adams came to see John. It was to notify him to attend a meeting of the trustees at the school-house Friday evening to make the new teacher walk the plank. It was the regular three days notice. The new-fangled ways of the teacher did not suit Mr. Adams. "Going to buy a flag and put it on the school-house," said the old man. "I never seen one of them dog-gone rags cep'tin' when they was shootin' at me, and I've got a bullet in my hip now that come from the neighborhood of one of 'em. Putting on the black-board when flowers git ripe, and when partridges nest, and they cut corn, wastin' time that erway! Licking my little Abe fer sassing her, and letting them dumb Parson's younguns miss every word in the spellin' lesson and not sayin' take his gun osten the school-house, when he had a squirrel-load in it, and them dog-gone boys hidin' it till it got rusty! Makin' the boys raise their caps to her like niggers! We're goin' to meet down there next Friday and tek the school away from her."

John Harmon went away that evening and when the young school teacher, having been notified of the meeting, looked out that Friday afternoon and saw Ike Adams and Martin Frame sitting side by side on a fallen log and the third trustee nowhere in sight, her heart failed her. There they sat waiting for the school to close, like two wild animals ready to rend her. She had builded so much on the hope that John Harmon would appear as her champion. She passed a bad half-hour and then dismissed her school, and the children having reluctantly gone, she waited for her executioners. She was badly frightened as the two trustees came towards her, but her heart gave a great bound as she saw John Harmon coming through the red brush. He was walking, and it was the first time she had ever seen him away from home without his horse. The trustees gathered in the school-house, and Ike Adams said he guessed the meeting had better come to order and was working up sufficient passion to do his dirty work, when Harmon said:

"Ike, before you get down to business I just wanted to tell you I'd traded for some papers of yours. Old man Middleton wanted the money, and counted it up and I took it up because he gave me a good shave on it. It footed up \$698.00. He offered it to me for \$698 even, and as I saw a chance to make ninety cents I thought I had better do it. He assigned me the benefit of the deed

of trust, too. Now I want to know if you have any objections to the way this school is being conducted this term."

Old Ike gave a gasp and gulped a time or two, and said if it suited John it suited him.

"And, Mart, before we go into business, I just wanted to tell you that the County Court appointed me superintendent of the new road you are making around the end of Callahan Mountain, and I thought I'd go over in the morning and trustee it for you. Now how do you like Miss Isabel as a teacher?" Martin had plenty of grim humor and was quick to take a hint. He turned to the young lady and said: "Miss Isabel, I thought I'd come in and tell you that I have been converted and I think women teachers air the very thing. You've taught in this here house, and my boys have enough manners ter clerk in a store. Thought I'd jest dray in and see if you'd take the school next year."

Adams said nothing more, and he and Frame took their leave immediately. John stepped to the door and saw them ride off. He turned to ask the girl if he could walk home with her, and saw her sitting with her head on her desk crying. He sat down and putting his arm around her told her a story heard only by her ear and which therefore can not be given here, but they must have patched up some sort of a compromise for as they entered the hall, warm-hearted Allie Winston ran to them and kissed them both and said she was so glad.

Shortly Isabel resigned the school to a young man teacher and went home and John went for her at Christmas, and as he brought her home they met old Martin Frame in the road. He stopped them and wanted to know what business John and Ike Adams had in taking away the school from the only woman teacher he ever had any use for.

THE DOMINANT INDUSTRY.

The well-known man-woman writer "Bab" has been stopping at the White Sulphur, and writes about an old Greenbrier County negro who has a wonderful power.

"If there is one dominant industry in the South, one would have to admit—that is, if one wished to be honest—that it is the 'infant' one, for the average Southern family has from four to fourteen children. At a wedding given near this place not so very long ago the great desire of the bride was to keep an old darkey, commonly called 'Aunt Lizzie' as far from her as possible, since it was believed that she possessed the mystic power known as 'the laying on of hands,' which insured to the happy couple a handsome, healthy pair of twins before the year was over.

"Girls used to buy Aunt Lizzie Howard to stay away, but she was inclined to be something of a well, she was inclined to tell what was n't quite true. So she would accept the present and then appear at the wedding and stand, ghoul-like, at the door, ready to put her horrible black fingers, long and mystical looking, upon the white gown or veil of the unfortunate bride. Every Southern girl for miles around knows about her, and every one of them dreads her. Not that they do n't want to have a tribe of children—that seems to be their greatest happiness—but as a young matron put it to me, 'If Aunt Lizzie Howard does manage to 'hoodoo' you, it is not so much yourself that you care about, but for some reason the gentlemen seem to be guyed a little bit about twins, and yet why should they?'"

"Just look at the doctor that attended the gallant and religious Stonewall Jackson! Why, he had two or three sets of twins! And then think of poor General Hood with numerous pairs of twins! I do believe they were beautiful. I can't remember, but mamma says that when the Hood babies all came out with their mammy every body used to laugh and say, 'There goes Hood's battalion.' But you know we Southerners like babies mightily, and I never can think that a house is really well furnished unless there are plenty of little folks and two or three well-bred dogs."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

THE COLLINS RELATIONSHIP.  
Descended from John Collins—  
Irish Emigrant, About 1798.

BY W. T. P.

For nearly a hundred years the name Collins has been a familiar one among our people. The progenitor was John Collins, a native of Ireland. He found his way from Pennsylvania to Pendleton County, where he met and married Barbara Full. He first settled on the Dunwoody place near Meadow Dale, in Highland. About the year 1800 he moved to what is now Pocahontas County, and settled on the Greenbrier, on lands at present held by William H. Collins, and built up a home. There had been some improvement begun by former settlers, but so little that to all intents and purposes he settled in the woods.

Mr and Mrs Collins were the parents of four sons and four daughters: John, James, Lewis and Charles; and Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Elizabeth.

Barbara went west; it is believed to Ohio.

Susannah became Mrs George Nottingham and lived in Athens County, Ohio.

Elizabeth became Mrs William Queen and went to Marion County, Ohio.

In reference to the sons of John Collins, Senior, we learn that John Collins, Junior, was a dealer in horses, and upon going to Richmond with a drove he was never heard of afterwards. The probability seems to be that he was killed and robbed in the Blue Ridge.

James Collins went to Lawrence County, Ohio, married Henrietta, daughter of Judge Davidson, and settled seven miles below Linton, and reared a large family. He was a prominent, prosperous citizen.

Lewis Collins was facetiously called the "Monarch of all he surveyed," being regarded by common consent the strongest, most athletic and largest man in the county. He excelled as a ditcher, fence-builder, and mower. He belted many large tracts of land, and cleared many fields. He was noted for his good temper and jovial disposition. He never was known to provoke any one, and, strange to say, he had more pugilistic knock-outs than any one person of his times. He finally went to Nicholas County where he met and married Sally Boles, and then settled in Upshur County. His children were James, Charles, Elizabeth, Margaret and Mary.

James Collins, of Lewis, married Mary Leonard, went to California and engaged in the lumber business.

Elizabeth became Mrs Sampson Jordan.

Charles Collins never married and Margaret remained unmarried and kept house for her brother at the old homestead.

Charles Collins, of John the ancestral emigrant, married Mary McCarty, on Brown's Mountain, and settled on Back Mountain where Jacob Shinnberry lives. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, concerning whom the following particulars are given:

Martha became Mrs John Conaway and lived in Upshur County. Susannah lived at home with her brothers William and Benjamin.

Nancy Collins married William Cassell and lived on Back Mountain. Mention of her family in the Cassell Sketches.

John Collins married Martha Moore, of Pennsylvania John, in The Hills, and settled in Upshur County. His second marriage was with Widow Nancy McFarland, at Lumberport, Braxton county.

Benjamin Collins married Margaret Shinnberry and settled on Back Mountain near McLaughlin Chapel. Their children were Peter Charles and Emma, who became John Shinnberry's first wife.

Andrew Collins married Martha Boggs, of Braxton, lived awhile in Pocahontas, and then moved to Upshur. Their children were Mary, who became Mrs Lawrence Fitzgerald; and Alice who became Mrs John Reed.

William Hutcherson Collins first married Sallie Varner and located at the Greenbrier homestead. In reference to the first family these items are given:

Benjamin Collins is a minister in the German Baptist Church. He married Nancy Jane Cassell and lives on the Greenbrier homestead. James Solomon is at home.

John Riley married Birdie Hoover and lives in Upshur.

William Hunter married V. Hoover and lives on L.

Andrew M. May Collins, of the Miller's Report.

Samuel and Susan died in youth. Mary Elizabeth became Mrs Amos Nottingham lives at Beech Flats on the Greenbrier.

Amanda Catherine first married William Hoover on Back Mountain. Her second marriage was with Lytle Green Jackson and lives at Wetumpka, Alabama. Her last marriage was the result of an advertisement and exchange of photographs.

The second wife of William Collins was Caroline Gragg, daughter of Zebulon Gragg. The children of this marriage are Effie Alice, Joanna Susan, Lewis and Adam Hevener.

W. H. Collins was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to 1865. He first belonged to Company G, 31st Virginia Infantry, and after the seven days fight around Richmond was released from service under the rule of not enlisting over 35 years of age. When this was revoked he joined Captain William L. McNeel's Cavalry.

Sally-Joice, of Charles Collins, of John, never married, and was a confirmed invalid.

Charles Collins married Barbara Varner, of Highland County, and lived on Top of Alleghany. He was a Confederate soldier.

Samuel Collins first married Margaret Hayes and lived in Upshur. One son, John William Hayse became charmed with a show, left home and lived a life of adventure. His second marriage was with Celia Weimar, of Lewis County. They had two children, Samuel and Amanda, who became the wife of a Rev Queen, a minister in the M. P. Church, and lives in Pennsylvania. Samuel Collins was a Union soldier in the 10th West Virginia Infantry.

Thus with the patient assistance of the venerable William H. Collins the writer has been able to illustrate in part the domestic history of a family that has done a great deal in subduing our primitive forests, and prepared the way for many families to live in comfort now. The services of good, patient and toiling people should be remembered and duly appreciated by the intelligent and grateful citizenship of Pocahontas, of which we are justly proud.

The desire to see ourselves as others see us is sometimes gratified in an unexpected fashion. This, for example, is the view of Englishmen taken by an intelligent Chinaman who recently visited that country. "They certainly do not know how to amuse themselves. You never see them enjoy themselves by sitting quietly upon their ancestors' graves. They jump around and kick balls as if they were paid to do it. Again, you will find them making long trips into the country; but that is probably a religious duty, for when they tramp they wave sticks in the air, nobody why. They have no sense of dignity, for they may be found walking with women. They sit down at the same table with women, and the women are served first." In that the Chinaman has not only pictured his host as he saw them. He has with equal fidelity and force pictured himself.—Youth's Companion.

Not the Wisest Plan.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared to its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Barclay, Huntersville; Barlow and Moore, Edray.



time for Buckhannon in the history of that town.

### Marlinton's Telephone.

If a telephone line had been run into the wildest African jungle that Stanley saw during his travels in the dark continent, the savages could not have made a greater do than the Pocahontas people at Marlinton did when the Beverly line was extended to that village, if we take the Pocahontas Times' word for it. The Times has it that one man got fighting mad when he was told that he could carry on a conversation over the wire with a person twenty miles away as easily as if the parties were in the same room. If this and other instances of ignorance related by The Times are true, it is very bad taste in the Times letting it out on its people. —Highland Recorder.

We agree with the Recorder in thinking that The Times should have been more discreet. The Recorder is nothing if not consistent. When the telephone line from Staunton to Monterey was building, an humble citizen of Highland's woods, who had at odd times hauled goods from Staunton for Highland merchants, was heard to complain thus:

"That thar blasted telephone is goin' to bust up the wagonin' business in this country; they will haul goods over the telephone, and we waggoners will have to go at sumthin' else fer a livin'."

The Recorder, jealous of the intellectual stand of its people failed to note the incident. —Bath Enterprise.

The dedication of a monument to Francis Scott Key in his native city was chiefly a tribute to the man who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." The memorial likewise honors one who wrote to his friend, John Randolph of Roanoke: "I agree with you that the 'state of society is radically vicious,' and that it is there the remedy is to be applied. Put down party spirit; stop the corruptions of party elections; legislate not for the next election, but for the next century." Few statesmen are poets, and perhaps it is well that prose-writing law-makers are in the majority. Key, however, showed a spirit worthy of high statesmanship when he wrote the sentences quoted, which are almost sufficient to entitle him to be called an early reformer of the republic.

Preaching services at Swago next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and at Sunset the fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock, by Rev W. T. Price.

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There is a good deal of wire-  
work going on in Pocahontas now,  
owing to different telephone cor-  
porations disputing over territory  
and connections. There is plenty  
of feeling and a lot of the interest-  
ed ones are very techy, and to say  
any thing about it is to take your  
life in your hands, but in spite of  
all this we plunge into the middle  
of the thing to describe the situa-  
tion as best we can.

At the present time it seems  
probable that there will be two sets  
of telephone poles on the road from  
Marlinton to Huntersville, and that  
narrow trial will be so plainly mark-  
ed that it will be impossible for the  
way-faring man to lose his way. If  
these two sets of telephone poles  
are built it will advertise the fact  
that the relations of the several  
companies are some what strained.

The Beverly and Marlinton  
Company were the pioneers of the  
work, antedating the Ronceverte  
and Marlinton Company by sever-  
al weeks. They built a line from  
Beverly to Marlinton, and, while  
the town was thankful for it, they  
wished very hard for a line to Ron-  
ceverte, and got it. The Beverly  
Company got a good bonus from  
Marlinton and secured a subscrip-  
tion of about \$40 to extend their  
line to Huntersville. They have  
set the poles and expect to stretch  
the wire this week.

The Ronceverte and Marlinton  
line expect to stretch their wire  
this month, beginning on the 20th  
and reaching Marlinton in five  
days. The company will not be  
organized until September 28, but  
Smith & Whiting, lumber jobbers,  
are promoters of the company and  
what they say goes.

The first sign of coming trouble  
was when the Ronceverte company  
staked their line to another office  
in Marlinton; to Crummett's Har-  
ness shop, while the Beverly tele-  
phone office was in Bird's store.  
This put the other company on its  
mettle and the members took it as  
a sign that they were not to co-op-  
erate and the trouble began.

Then the Dunmore company,  
promoted by two progressive men  
of the Upper End, B. F. McElwee  
and Samuel Sheets, was organized  
and the two other companies be-  
gan to woo this new company.  
Beverly proposed that they unite  
with them at Huntersville or Dris-  
col, and the Ronceverte company  
that they would unite with them.

The Ronceverte company charge  
that the poles of its rival are only  
4 in. at the top, while their poles  
are 6 in. The Beverly company  
says that is true, but a little pole  
will last longer in the ground than  
a big one. The Ronceverte com-  
pany says their wire is welded,  
while the Beverly company inter-  
rupts the flow of conversation by  
splicing their wire. The Ronce-  
verte company reminds Dunmore  
that its natural out let is down the  
Greenbrier Valley, and the Bever-  
ly people suggest that Beverly or  
Huttonsville is to be the depot of  
the Upper End until Pocahontas  
has a railroad.

The three companies met at the  
telephone office last week, the Dun-  
more and Ronceverte present in  
person and the Beverly company  
present at Huttonsville and Crick-  
ard by telephone, and the report is  
that it was a warm meeting. At  
this time it seems probable that  
the Dunmore line will be construct-  
ed by the firm of Smith & Whit-  
ing and meet the Ronceverte line  
at Marlinton, and that they will  
not associate with the Beverly  
company. While these arrange-  
ments were being made Edray had  
the receiver down and directly that  
town boiled over, and sent word  
down for a day or two, naming all  
the men of money in that section,  
saying that if the Ronceverte com-  
pany cut them off in this way they  
would never deposit another cent  
in Ronceverte banks, or touch the  
town in any way with a forty foot  
pole.

A proposition to the Beverly  
company to abandon their Hun-  
tersville branch was rejected.

We know it is to the interest  
of the county to be connected and  
we still hope that there will be a  
central office in Marlinton for the  
three lines so that every part of the  
county can be reached by paying  
for one message.

#### Death of Dr Snyder.

Dr W. F. Snyder, of Huttons-  
ville died last Tuesday night of  
heart failure. He had attended  
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the attack. Mrs Snyder was arouse-  
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for help he was dead.

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Randolph form a delegate district  
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County, received the other nomi-  
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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine  
Tablets. All Druggists refund the  
money if it fails to cure. 25c.

S. R. Kerr is out to  
Mr Morgan Grimes  
Sunday.

S. C. Pritchard is  
to Virginia.

Old Jack got in two  
nipped things a little.

Joe McLaughlin was  
ed by his team last w

We think the next  
society will be at F

E. H. Smith and  
boys passed through

John McCutchan  
blooded Spaniard—a  
well.

Dr Hunter Mooms  
last week to see Alf  
on the sick-list.

Ac Orndoff and  
have thrashed nearly  
ple up this way.

Paris Johnson was  
and took his betsy  
Beuson back to Mon

H. M. Lockridge  
the road from H  
Browns Mountain in

C. P. Kerr and his  
going to keep hotel  
House in Randolph

If Colonel Fisher  
gun with him last  
that deer would have  
to death.

George Jamieson  
Oklahoma, and Mrs  
Fairmont, are visitin  
tion.

Corn cutting, as  
whackings, snittings  
and jumps seems to  
nowadays and nights

John R. Warwick  
his hay made by Ot  
can get sugar enough  
Bank district to swee  
dampings with.

Several ladies vis-  
Hannah last week at  
penning. Mrs Han  
well at this time, bei  
bed with rheumatism

The Cheat mount  
to be worked before  
and if not worked by  
cost lots of money  
There is a great dea  
this road.

We hear the ove  
Marlinton and Tra  
threatened that they  
dobben strapped t  
grand jury court if  
bridges are not fix  
better.

There is more cor-  
end of the county th  
before. If people  
one half, for ferti  
clearing up new l  
spend for flour the  
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ry amount of money  
telephone line from  
Green Bank. The  
sold out this week.  
line will be extend  
Repose.

#### Good Enough

The finest quality  
used in the manufac-  
berlin's Cough R  
roots used in its pr  
it a flavor similar to  
syrup, making it ve  
take As a medicat  
of coughs, colds, li  
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ed by any other. I  
and cures quickly.  
Barlow, Huntersvil  
Moore, Edray.

To Cure Constipa-  
Take Chamber's Candy  
If C. C. C. fail to cure, dr

#### Trustee

By virtue of a d  
by E. I. Holt and  
wife on the 3d da  
1893, to M. J. McS  
recorded in the cler  
County Court of P  
ty, in Deed Book  
479, to secure S. J  
Edgar, and William  
the payment of  
Notes of \$2500.00  
the 3d day of Febr  
payable four mont  
the Bank of Lew  
fast having been  
ment of said notes,  
H. Clark, A. M. E  
lum L. McNeel h  
notes, and having  
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veyed to me as tru-  
such trustee, on

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Three men  
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There is a good deal of wire-  
work going on in Pocahontas now,  
owing to different telephone cor-  
porations disputing over territory  
and connections. There is plenty  
of feeling and a lot of the interest-  
ed ones are very techy, and to say  
any thing about it is to take your  
life in your hands, but in spite of  
all this we plunge into the middle  
of the thing to describe the situa-  
tion as best we can.

At the present time it seems  
probable that there will be two sets  
of telephone poles on the road from  
Marlinton to Huntersville, and that  
narrow trial will be so plainly mark-  
ed that it will be impossible for the  
way-faring man to lose his way. If  
these two sets of telephone poles  
are built it will advertise the fact  
that the relations of the several  
companies are some what strained.

The Beverly and Marlinton  
Company were the pioneers of the  
work, antedating the Ronceverte  
and Marlinton Company by sever-  
al weeks. They built a line from  
Beverly to Marlinton, and, while  
the town was thankful for it, they  
wished very hard for a line to Ron-  
ceverte, and got it. The Beverly  
Company got a good bonus from  
Marlinton and secured a subscrip-  
tion of about \$40 to extend their  
line to Huntersville. They have  
set the poles and expect to stretch  
the wire this week.

The Ronceverte and Marlinton  
line expect to stretch their wire  
this month, beginning on the 20th  
and reaching Marlinton in five  
days. The company will not be  
organized until September 28, but  
Smith & Whiting, lumber jobbers,  
are promoters of the company and  
what they say goes.

The first sign of coming trouble  
was when the Ronceverte company  
staked their line to another office  
in Marlinton; to Crummett's Har-  
ness shop, while the Beverly tele-  
phone office was in Bird's store.  
This put the other company on its  
mettle and the members took it as  
a sign that they were not to co-op-  
erate and the trouble began.

Then the Dunmore company,  
promoted by two progressive men  
of the Upper End, B. F. McElwee  
and Samuel Sheets, was organized  
and the two other companies be-  
gan to woo this new company.  
Beverly proposed that they unite  
with them at Huntersville or Dis-  
col, and the Ronceverte company  
that they would unite with them.

The Ronceverte company charge  
that the poles of its rival are only  
4 in. at the top, while their poles  
are 6 in. The Beverly company  
says that is true, but a little pole  
will last longer in the ground than  
a big one. The Ronceverte com-  
pany says their wire is welded,  
while the Beverly company inter-  
rupts the flow of conversation by  
splicing their wire. The Ronce-  
verte company reminds Dunmore  
that its natural out let is down the  
Greenbrier Valley, and the Bever-  
ly people suggest that Beverly or  
Huttonsville is to be the depot of  
the Upper End until Pocahontas  
has a railroad.

The three companies met at the  
telephone office last week, the Dun-  
more and Ronceverte present in  
person and the Beverly company  
present at Huttonsville and Crick-  
ard by telephone, and the report is  
that it was a warm meeting. At  
this time it seems probable that  
the Dunmore line will be construct-  
ed by the firm of Smith & Whit-  
ing and meet the Ronceverte line  
at Marlinton, and that they will  
not associate with the Beverly  
company. While these arrange-  
ments were being made Edray had  
the receiver down and directly that  
town boiled over, and sent word  
down for a day or two, naming all  
the men of money in that section,  
saying that if the Ronceverte com-  
pany cut them off in this way they  
would never deposit another cent  
in Ronceverte banks, or touch the  
town in any way with a forty foot  
pole.

A proposition to the Beverly  
company to abandon their Hun-  
tersville branch was rejected.

We know it is to the interest  
of the county to be connected and  
we still hope that there will be a  
central office in Marlinton for the  
three lines so that every part of the  
county can be reached by paying  
for one message.

#### Death of Dr Snyder.

Dr W. F. Snyder, of Huttons-  
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Dr Snyder was a native of Kan-  
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House in Randolph

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John R. Warwick  
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can get sugar enough  
Bank district to swee  
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Several ladies vis-  
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ment of said notes,  
H. Clark, A. M. E  
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notes, and having  
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on the premises (a  
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THE HUDSONS.

Interesting Biographies of this Pocahontas Family.

W. T. P.

The Hudson family trace their ancestry to Richard Hudson, whose wife was Elizabeth Redden. They came from Augusta County early in the century, and virtually settled in the woods on the head waters of Sitlington's Creek on lands now held by their grand-sons, Warwick B. and John L. Hudson. This land was purchased from a Mr. Armstrong. A small opening had been made by one Poston previously.

Sally and Polly Hudson went to Ohio, and married and settled in that State.

Keziah Hudson, of whom the writer has no definite information more than that she was named after one of Job's daughters.

Rachel Hudson became Mrs. William Dysard and lived in Barbour County.

Matilda married Thomas Humphries and lived in Barbour County.

Naomi became Mrs. Samuel Matthews and lived in Randolph county. M. G. Matthews, late Superintendent of Pocahontas schools, Charles Matthews and Captain J. W. Matthews, of Alvon, West Virginia, are her sons.

Nancy first married John Seybert, of Highland County. Her second marriage was with Andrew Lockridge, of Bath County.

Thomas Hudson went to Missouri, and married and settled there.

Madison Hudson went to Maryland in his youth, and married and reared a large family. He prospered in business and was a citizen of prominence in neighborhood and county affairs.

Elijah Hudson married Margaret Deaver, daughter of James and Sally Deaver, who are believed to have been the first settlers on Back Alleghany. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson went to home keeping on the home place, and were the parents of five daughters and eight sons: Jackson, Thomas, William, Warwick Bird, Davis, Dallas, Paul McNeel, John Letcher, Sarah, Harriet, Laura, Nancy Jane and Susan. In reference to the daughters we learn the following particulars:

Sarah died in early youth.

Harriet became Mrs. John E. Gumm, and lives near Green Bank. Her children are Dolly Bell, now Mrs. Robert Ralston, in Highland; Nebraska, is Mrs. Oscar Orndorff; Margaret is at home; Charles went to Wisconsin; William located in Colorado, and was with a party of engineers when he lost his life; Warwick operates a lumber train in Upshur County.

Laura married Madison Humphries and lives near Philippi.

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Susan is now Mrs. Uriah Bird and lives at Marlinton, and is the mother of seven daughters and a son.

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He was a speaker of more than ordinary fluency. The writer heard him on but one occasion, in 1844. His manner was instructive and logical. The tones of his voice were soft as the notes of a flute, and his enunciation was so perfect that not a word need be misunderstood. His aim seemed to be to convince and instruct rather than to be amusing. It is the impression of some that he never cracked a joke in his life while making a political address. He seemed to take it for granted that every body was sensible like himself and liked to hear sensible speaking when the welfare of the country was in question. He had a large pair of saddle bags about full of books, political pamphlets and clippings from the news papers, to which he would frequently refer to illustrate and enforce the points he made. Taken altogether the effort was statesmanlike, and much above the political harangue so much in vogue at the time. He was a Jacksonian Democrat and an appreciative reader of the Richmond Enquirer.

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A Valuable Dog.

As a variation from the snake stories, &c., now current in the Kentucky press, this item from the Richmond Register is worthy of perusal: "Mr. J. S. Schooler, a farmer living near Cottonburg, this county, is the possessor of a small rat dog which he has trained to worm tobacco. The dog goes to the field with the hands and seems to take special delight in killing the pests, which he noses around on the plants for, and when discovered bites their heads off. If a worm endeavors to escape by dropping on the ground, the dog hunts for it and seldom lets it get away. Mr. Schooler says the dog has been as valuable to him in his tobacco crop this year as one of his hired hands."

—A successful pugilist makes money hand over fist.



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—A successful pugilist makes money hand over fist.



toils and sufferings, and we devoutly hope he has been made glad according to the years and days wherein he has seen trouble and been afflicted.

W. T. P.

### Runaway Accident.

WELCOME HOME,  
Sept. 19, 1898.

A funny runaway accident occurred here September 14. Six young ladies from a nearby village were spending the day at Capt. S's. In the afternoon they joined the Captain and wife and some Western ladies who were boiling apple-butter. There were 12 around the apple-butter kettle. One fair maiden suggested they take a ride in a buggy standing near. Two girls got in the buggy, two took hold of the shafts, and a fifth took her place at the back. The buggy ran violently down a steep hill and into a plank fence. The girls were unhurt but their pleasure was spoiled for awhile. This as seen from the Green Bank.

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### Murder and Suicide.

Henry Robinson, of Lewisburg, a colored man, had been separated from his wife, who was working as a domestic in Dr Rucker's family. On hearing that she intended to apply for a divorce, he armed himself and went to Dr Rucker's and shot and killed her. He returned to the town of Lewisburg and there killed himself.

James A. Whiting came up from Ronceverte Monday. He reports great progress in the telephone. The wires belonging to other companies between Lewisburg and Ronceverte have been placed on cross-bars. He wants to start to stretching wire next Monday. The poles in Greenbrier are nearly all in. On top of Droop solid rock was struck in nearly every hole.

Saturday a party composed of two men a woman came over from Elk. They had two horses, and the woman was riding one without a saddle. They stayed all night at Pete Carr's on Greenbrier River, four or five miles above Marlinton. Monday a party of four men arrived here from Clay in pursuit of them. They are accused of stealing the horses.

If any students go from this country to the West Virginia University this year they may be glad to know that The Acme Book Store, of Morgantown, W. Va., is prepared to furnish them with University Text-Books, second hand, and shelf-worn. You can save a great deal by buying all your school supplies of them.

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A. L. P.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE said in a recent address on the coming century that the world is growing better. In the classification of the century of Columbus was marked by discovery, the eighteenth by analysis, and the nineteenth by invention. The victories of the twentieth century, in his opinion, will be moral and spiritual. His prediction is that it "will be filled with not only physical comfort, but spiritual, and physical forces will be transmitted into moral and spiritual." Education will be general and greatly elevated, and nations will be brought into closer intercourse. No one has ventured to prophesy what the next century will bring forth in invention, for scarcely a year passes now without some wonderful advance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JESSE JONES, Esq., one of the best known citizens of Monroe Co., died at his home in Wolf Creek district at 3:30 o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17, 1897, after a very prolonged illness, at the advanced age of 84 years. His remains were interred in the Baptist cemetery at Alderson on Tuesday. He leaves a widow and several sons and daughters. The Man, in an extended notice of Mr. Jones, relates the following:

During the war he had \$1,500 in state bank notes and \$150 in gold and silver. Fearing that it might be taken from him, he hid it in a hollow tree in the woods by his house. Soon after the 45th Virginia Regiment encamped in this woodland, and, as the soldiers were cutting down timber promiscuously, Mr Jones began to entertain some apprehensions about his tree. So he made for the camp and was very much frightened to find five or six men seated under his identical tree, playing cards for money, and within arm's reach of his bank deposit. However, they had not discovered the treasure, but it took very skillful management to get that money out of the hole in the tree without being detected, which he nevertheless succeeded in doing.

SHE—I don't think you were anxious to hear me sing. HE (earnestly)—Indeed I was. I had never heard you before.—Puck.

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between insanity and genius. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

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A. L. P.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE said in a recent address on the coming century that the world is growing better. In the classification of the century of Columbus was marked by discovery, the eighteenth by analysis, and the nineteenth by invention. The victories of the twentieth century, in his opinion, will be moral and spiritual. His prediction is that it "will be filled with not only physical comfort, but spiritual, and physical forces will be transmitted into moral and spiritual." Education will be general and greatly elevated, and nations will be brought into closer intercourse. No one has ventured to prophesy what the next century will bring forth in invention, for scarcely a year passes now without some wonderful advance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JESSE JONES, Esq., one of the best known citizens of Monroe Co., died at his home in Wolf Creek district at 3:30 o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17, 1897, after a very prolonged illness, at the advanced age of 84 years. His remains were interred in the Baptist cemetery at Alderson on Tuesday. He leaves a widow and several sons and daughters. The Man, in an extended notice of Mr. Jones, relates the following:

During the war he had \$1,500 in state bank notes and \$150 in gold and silver. Fearing that it might be taken from him, he hid it in a hollow tree in the woods by his house. Soon after the 45th Virginia Regiment encamped in this woodland, and, as the soldiers were cutting down timber promiscuously, Mr Jones began to entertain some apprehensions about his tree. So he made for the camp and was very much frightened to find five or six men seated under his identical tree, playing cards for money, and within arm's reach of his bank deposit. However, they had not discovered the treasure, but it took very skillful management to get that money out of the hole in the tree without being detected, which he nevertheless succeeded in doing.

SHE—I don't think you were anxious to hear me sing. HE (earnestly)—Indeed I was. I had never heard you before.—Puck.

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between insanity and genius. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."



## BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

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BY W. T. P.

The Gumm relationship in Pocahontas consists of two groups, descendants of Jacob Gumm and William A. Gumm respectively. The group considered in this paper trace their ancestry to William A. Gumm, who left Highland county, then Pendleton, in 1832, and located on the Redden place near Green Bank, now occupied by John Grogg. In 1841 Mr Gumm moved to Back Alleghany and settled in the woods, and opened up lands now occupied by his sons James and McBride.

Mrs Gumm was Elizabeth, daughter of James Higgins, of Pendleton, now Highland. Mr and Mrs Gumm were the parents of one daughter and two sons: Margaret Elsie, James Henry and Francis McBryde.

Margaret was first married to James A. Logan, and first settled on a section of the homestead. Her children were John Commodore, who died in 1861 while quite young and Elizabeth, who became Mrs E. O. Moore and lives on Deer Creek, near Green Bank.

By her second marriage Mrs Logan became Mrs Gragg and lives on Back Mountain near the homestead. It is her mother-in-law, Mrs Zebulon Gragg, who is believed to be the oldest person now living in our county.

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Those who are familiar with the history of the 31st Virginia Infantry need not be reminded that no regiment in the service of the Confederacy has a more interesting and honorable record, or more frequently posted in the "deadly imminent breach" or more relied on in dire emergencies.

Fortunately Mr Gumm's wounds were slight and did not disable him for any length of time. The first wound was received in the bloody affair at Spottsylvania Court House. The second wound was inflicted at Liberty, Bedford county, when General Hunter was repulsed at Lynchburg. The third wound was received at the battle of Winchester. Instead of a wound he had his mustache neatly and closely trimmed off by a minnie ball at the battle of Cold Harbor. Clippers may have done the trimming a little more in style, but not near so quickly.

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From that circumstance he always thus signed his name in business affairs and in correspondence and so got his middle name Alleghany long after he became a grown person. In studying their origin of names it is interesting to find that a large number of names have originated from where persons happened to live. Forty-six years last August the writer spent an hour or two at his newly made home in the woods, and ever since there has been a beautiful picture in his mind of a truly contented man with his home and surroundings, endowed with the power of making himself and all around him pleasant and cheerful.

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McBride Jackson Gumm married Eliza Thomas, of Harrisonburg, and spent much of his married life on Clover Creek. His family consisted of four sons and two daughters: Brown, William, Fillmore, Woods, Agnes and Caroline. McBride J. Gumm was a gallant Confederate soldier and served most of his time in Captain J. W. Marshall's Cavalry.

Jacob Gumm, Junior, married Virginia Burke and migrated to Ohio. No particulars are in hand concerning his family.

Charles Gumm married Jane Hartman and migrated to Ohio. He was a blacksmith by occupation.

Gatewood Gumm went to Ohio when a young single man and settled there.

Robert N. Gumm married Anna Riley and resides on the old Cooper farm, two miles east of Green Bank. His sons are William, John and Joseph. The daughters are Elizabeth, who became Mrs Harry Burner and went to Wyoming; Anna, who married Snowden Cooper; and Blanche.

Robert N. Gumm was a brave Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry, a member of the Green Bank Company. On account of his coolness and self-possession under fire he was frequently selected for ambulance service on the field in caring for the wounded. To be efficient for such a service requires more than ordinary nerve, and he was found to be well qualified for it. In times of peace he has become well and widely known as a miller, and is now managing the Hevener Mill on the North Branch of Deer Creek.

John E. Gumm married Harriet Hudson, daughter of Hon Elijah Hudson, and lives on a section of the Bible place, two miles from Green Bank. Mention of his family was made in the Hodeon Sketches. John E. Gumm was a Confederate soldier in the 18th Virginia Cavalry, under Col W. L. Jackson, and acted well his part in the sufferings and privations that soldiers had to endure on the outposts during the sad war between the states.

From J. E. Gumm the writer derived valuable aid for this sketch as we sat on our horses one warm July morning of the late summer, after a casual meeting in the pub-

lic road.

The Pocahontas groups of the Gumm relationship trace their ancestry to the Highland families of that name. These Highland families have for their progenitors pioneers who are believed to have been from western Maryland, and among the earlier settlers of Pendleton, possibly antedating the Revolution.

Thus in the manner indicated, the writer has been furnished with the facilities to illustrate the home and personal history of a family relationship long known in our county. From these groups our citizenship has been furnished with many useful persons who have done a good part in the development of our county. Some have been useful as blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers; others endured hardships as good soldiers in struggling for what they believed to be right. Many humble homes have been rendered nice and pleasant by the skillful home-keepers so frequently met with in this connexion.

As the writer proceeds in the prosecution of this pleasant duty of illustrating the family history of our Pocahontas people, he becomes more and more impressed with the thought that we have in our citizenship many of the most improvable people to be found anywhere. Under right influences results might be achieved that would astonish the world, as to the possibilities of our people. The writer believes that one of the best things that all of us could do for self-improvement and the attainment of high and grand possibilities would be to bear always in mind, "As a man thinks so is he." It was with this in mind that one of the most eminent persons that ever lived and who has done more for human improvement than any other mortal man, gave this advice to some people he was greatly interested in and with whom he seemed to have been especially pleased. It was this, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, THINK ON THESE THINGS."

## THE ROD OF CORRECTION.

A sermon worthy of more than passing notice was recently delivered at Marlinton by Presiding Elder Martin. This sermon may be spoken of as a "word in season." The thoughts presented were suggested by the mournful history of Eli's family, given in 1st Samuel, chapters one to four. The text was 1 Samuel iii, 11-14.

And the Lord said to Samuel: Behold I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.

In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin I will also make an end.

For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.

And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offerings forever.

The sad results of parental indulgence were vividly presented, and most of the prevailing and threatened evils that now make the future so ominous for families and the nations are to be traced to mistaken kindness on the part of parents in not "restraining their sons and daughters" at the proper time, when under parental authority. One of the telling points made was in reference to indulging in things that parents regard as wrong, and the children think to be harmless, and will indulge in spite of parental wishes to the contrary. By so doing they fail to honor fathers and mothers, and by doing thus, what otherwise might be a harmless indulgence becomes a violation of the commandments, and dishonor to parents is prohibited along with murder and other crime. The speaker emphasized the importance of parents asserting their authority: restrain their children and drive from their thresholds the morally impure, with something of the same aversion and horror that they would

bruise the heads of vipers and copperheads when found crawling too near their homes. S. C. R.

## A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.

A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Martinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghanies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Cumberland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sawing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.

The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotions that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpit orators in the Episcopal church.

When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folks of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "Ox-like patience. A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort, and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercise; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."

He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining angels unawares." S. C. R.

## HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.

This eminent man died the 25th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.

The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1685 Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the troubles complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms. In 1884, when Mr Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs Bayard a telegram of sympathy.

His character was an honor to his country, as all cheerfully admit who may have differed widely with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and the American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his good offices in this respect.



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McBride Jackson Gumm married Eliza Thomas, of Harrisonburg, and spent much of his married life on Clover Creek. His family consisted of four sons and two daughters: Brown, William, Fillmore, Woods, Agnes and Caroline. McBride J. Gumm was a gallant Confederate soldier and served most of his time in Captain J. W. Marshall's Cavalry.

Jacob Gumm, Junior, married Virginia Burke and migrated to Ohio. No particulars are in hand concerning his family.

Charles Gumm married Jane Hartman and migrated to Ohio. He was a blacksmith by occupation.

Gatewood Gumm went to Ohio when a young single man and settled there.

Robert N. Gumm married Anna Riley and resides on the old Cooper farm, two miles east of Green Bank. His sons are William, John and Joseph. The daughters are Elizabeth, who became Mrs Harry Burner and went to Wyoming; Anna, who married Snowden Cooper; and Blanche.

Robert N. Gumm was a brave Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry, a member of the Green Bank Company. On account of his coolness and self-possession under fire he was frequently selected for ambulance service on the field in caring for the wounded. To be efficient for such a service requires more than ordinary nerve, and he was found to be well qualified for it. In times of peace he has become well and widely known as a miller, and is now managing the Hevener Mill on the North Branch of Deer Creek.

John E. Gumm married Harriet Hudson, daughter of Hon Elijah Hudson, and lives on a section of the Bible place, two miles from Green Bank. Mention of his family was made in the Hodeon Sketches. John E. Gumm was a Confederate soldier in the 18th Virginia Cavalry, under Col W. L. Jackson, and acted well his part in the sufferings and privations that soldiers had to endure on the outposts during the sad war between the states.

From J. E. Gumm the writer derived valuable aid for this sketch as we sat on our horses one warm July morning of the late summer, after a casual meeting in the pub

lic road.

The Pocahontas groups of the Gumm relationship trace their ancestry to the Highland families of that name. These Highland families have for their progenitors pioneers who are believed to have been from western Maryland, and among the earlier settlers of Pendleton, possibly antedating the Revolution.

Thus in the manner indicated, the writer has been furnished with the facilities to illustrate the home and personal history of a family relationship long known in our county. From these groups our citizenship has been furnished with many useful persons who have done a good part in the development of our county. Some have been useful as blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers; others endured hardships as good soldiers in struggling for what they believed to be right. Many humble homes have been rendered nice and pleasant by the skillful home-keepers so frequently met with in this connexion.

As the writer proceeds in the prosecution of this pleasant duty of illustrating the family history of our Pocahontas people, he becomes more and more impressed with the thought that we have in our citizenship many of the most improvable people to be found anywhere. Under right influences results might be achieved that would astonish the world, as to the possibilities of our people. The writer believes that one of the best things that all of us could do for self-improvement and the attainment of high and grand possibilities would be to bear always in mind, "As a man thinks so is he." It was with this in mind that one of the most eminent persons that ever lived and who has done more for human improvement than any other mortal man, gave this advice to some people he was greatly interested in and with whom he seemed to have been especially pleased. It was this, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, THINK ON THESE THINGS."

THE ROD OF CORRECTION.

A sermon worthy of more than passing notice was recently delivered at Marlinton by Presiding Elder Martin. This sermon may be spoken of as a "word in season." The thoughts presented were suggested by the mournful history of Eli's family, given in 1st Samuel, chapters one to four. The text was 1 Samuel iii, 11-14.

And the Lord said to Samuel: Behold I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.

In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin I will also make an end.

For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.

And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offerings forever.

The sad results of parental indulgence were vividly presented, and most of the prevailing and threatened evils that now make the future so ominous for families and the nations are to be traced to mistaken kindness on the part of parents in not "restraining their sons and daughters" at the proper time, when under parental authority. One of the telling points made was in reference to indulging in things that parents regard as wrong, and the children think to be harmless, and will indulge in spite of parental wishes to the contrary. By so doing they fail to honor fathers and mothers, and by doing thus, what otherwise might be a harmless indulgence becomes a violation of the commandments, and dishonor to parents is prohibited along with murder and other crime. The speaker emphasized the importance of parents asserting their authority: restrain their children and drive from their thresholds the morally impure, with something of the same aversion and horror that they would

bruise the heads of vipers and copperheads when found crawling too near their homes. S. C. R.

A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.

A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Martinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghanies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Cumberland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sawing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.

The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotions that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpit orators in the Episcopal church.

When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folks of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "Ox-like patience. A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort, and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercise; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."

He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining angels unawares." S. C. R.

HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.

This eminent man died the 25th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.

The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1685 Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the troubles complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms. In 1884, when Mr Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs Bayard a telegram of sympathy.

His character was an honor to his country, as all cheerfully admit who may have differed widely with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and the American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his good offices in this respect.



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Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She feared no danger; for she knew no sin.  
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and hounds,  
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds  
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,  
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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Mrs Diana Saunders, a Pioneer on Dry Creek.

Soon after the war of 1812 there came to our county one of the most interesting and eccentric per- sonalities that our older people re- member anything about, Mrs Dia- na Saunders, late of Rocky Point, on Dry Branch of Swago. She was the widowed mother of four children, Anna, Eleanor, Cyrus, and Isaac. Her cabin home was built near the head springs of Dry Branch, almost in speaking distance of the Rocky Point school house, and just below.

Cyrus Saunders lived in Madi- son County, Virginia, and was a merchant and a citizen of promi- nence.

Isaac Saunders, upon attaining his majority, went to Fayette County, married, and settled on the banks of New River not far from Hawk's Nest. His sister An- na made her home with him for a time, and then became Mrs Ewing of Fayette County.

Eleanor Saunders was married to the late Barnett Adkisson, from Madison County, and lived on Spruce Flat at the head of Swago, on the place now occupied by James Adkisson where he has just built a nice new house. In refer- ence to her children we have in hand the following particulars, communicated by John Adkisson.

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William Adkisson, whose wife was Martha Jones, from Madison county, lived on Spruce Flat.

Abel Adkisson, whose first wife was Susannah, daughter of the late Daniel Adkisson, and whose sec- ond wife was Frances Hughes, lived on the head of Swago, where his son Oliver Blake now lives.

Daniel Adkisson married Mary Holmes, of Madison County, and settled on Spruce Flats.

Isaac Adkisson married Martha Young and lived at the "Young Place" on Rich Mountain.

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Nancy married Benjamin Tay- lor, of Orange County, and settled on New River. He was a hatter by occupation.

Martha Jane Adkisson married James Arthur, of Webster County, and went to the western part of our State.

Lucinda Adkisson, the youngest of Eleanor's daughters, was married to Rev Joshua Buckley and lived at Buckeye. Some reference to her family is made in other sketches.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

David James, Senior, of Droop Mountain.—Died Aged 104.

W. T. P.

David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution and located for a while near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the Rocky Turn, now known as the Irvine place, where he built a mill. One of the stones is yet to be seen just below the road near where the mill stood.

From the Irvine place he moved on lands now occupied by George Cochran. The house is still standing and furnishes a correct idea of the kind of houses the pioneers lived in. It was here he passed the latter years of his life and passed away at the age of 104 years. The name and parentage of his wife are not remembered.

His family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Nellie, Martha, Sally, David and John.

Nellie James was married to Thomas Cochran, second wife, and lived near Marvina. Her children were William, Samuel, Isaac, David, Solomon, James, Jesse, Rebecca and Nellie. Special mention of these children found in the Cochran Sketches.

Martha was married to John Salisbury and lived on Trump Run and finally went west. This John Salisbury was a son of William Salisbury, a native of England who opened the Salisbury settlement on Trump Run. William Salisbury's wife Mary was a native of Scotland. He lived to the age of 104 years; and he is to be remembered as one of the pioneers of Lower Pocahontas.

Sally became Mrs. John Catlip who opened up an improvement on Droop Mountain, now in possession of the Renick family. Her children were David, Abram, John, George, Martha and Elizabeth. The latter married David Kennison and went to the West.

David James, Junior, married Catherine Parks and settled on Droop Mountain. They were the parents of these children: Mordecai, Jennie, Samuel, Elizabeth, John, Rebecca, Martha and Mary.

Mordecai married Martha Tharp and went West. The Tharps lived on the Joshua Kee place, near Marlinton.

Jennie became Mrs. Jesse Cochran. Her marriage was attended by very romantic incidents, illustrating the fact that all may be well that ends well.

Samuel married Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, who lived on the Greenbrier, where Joseph Perkins now resides, and went West. William Ewing excelled as a maker of wooden mould boards for plows, and had all he could do to meet the demand.

John married Nellie Cochran.

Rebecca became Mrs. Emanuel Barrett.

John James married Nellie, daughter of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, and settled on Droop, where Lincoln Cochran now lives, but finally moved West. Their family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Jane, Eliza, Kate, David, William and John.

Thus with the assistance of the venerable John Cochran, probably the oldest man now living on the Pocahontas and Greenbrier border, and George Cochran, his relative and neighbor, the writer has been able to give something in illustrating the James' family history.

This paper will be concluded by recalling the fact that David James, Junior, lived to the age of 106 years. The greatest age attained by any one of our Pocahontas citizens, concerning whom we have any authentic information. The cottage home still stands whence he departed for the unseen world, and his grave will be an object of interest in our local annals and should be carefully marked so as not to be forgotten.

David Cochran, a son of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, by his second

marriage with Nellie, daughter of David James, Sr., deserves mention from the fact that he was a veteran of the war of 1812. As has been noted elsewhere David Cochran's first wife was Sally Salisbury, daughter of William Salisbury, the Englishman, and lived on the Salisbury Place. He had for his mess-mates in the army William Salisbury, Jr., John McNeil, (known as Little John) and John R. Flemmens. He was in the affair at Crainey Island, near Norfolk. While it is not certain, yet it is believed he served a tour under General Harrison in the west, as he frequently spoke of him. It is probable that he was in the battle of Tippecanoe. John Cochran, near the Greenbrier line is the only surviving member of the old soldier's family. He will be 92 years of age November 2, 1898.

David Cochran, the veteran, suffered grievously the last three or four years of his life. He was treated by Mrs. Diddle, of Monroe County for three years. She undertook to cure the case for forty dollars. Several visits were made; she was at his bedside when he died of hemorrhage, superinduced by the cancer, in October, 1881.

John Cochran has a vivid recollection of the Regimental Master at Huntersville, in May, 1864. On returning from muster rather late in the evening, persons were using their horses in a furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, became unmanageable, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh. William Gibson, merchant and hotel-keeper at Huntersville, was sent for. After considerable delay, means were contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville in the dark. Squire Gibson, though not a physician, took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while, until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for every body, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnanimity his opponent confessed himself in the fault and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

In perusing recent eulogies over successful jurists, statesmen, and divines, that in reference to their education but little importance seems to be attached to what was acquired at college, university, or seminary. It is intimated that the schools merely convert the mind into a store-house of dry facts, when scholastic methods are sedulously pursued and relied upon. The education that explained their success, by broadening, elevating, and adorning their intellectual character, seemed traceable to their careful and wide reading of the best up-to-date books; close and accurate study of nature and living men, and thoughtful investigation of the problems of life from the Bible point of view. If this continues to be the way of explaining success in life, there will have to be a great reform in scholastic methods, or our educational institutions will come to be regarded as places where youth, at vast expense of time and pecuniary means are brilliantly taught how not to make a success of life under existing conditions.

The Republic of Liberia is about to call on us for protection, and it would put a strain on our consistency to refuse such a request from our own step-son, when we are possibly adopting so many bantling republics.—Philadelphia Record.



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Sally became Mrs. John Catlip who opened up an improvement on Droop Mountain, now in possession of the Renick family. Her children were David, Abram, John, George, Martha and Elizabeth. The latter married David Kennison and went to the West.

David James, Junior, married Catherine Parks and settled on Droop Mountain. They were the parents of these children: Mordecai, Jennie, Samuel, Elizabeth, John, Rebecca, Martha and Mary.

Mordecai married Martha Tharp and went West. The Tharps lived on the Joshua Kee place, near Marlinton.

Jennie became Mrs. Jesse Cochran. Her marriage was attended by very romantic incidents, illustrating the fact that all may be well that ends well.

Samuel married Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, who lived on the Greenbrier, where Joseph Perkins now resides, and went West. William Ewing excelled as a maker of wooden mould boards for plows, and had all he could do to meet the demand.

John married Nellie Cochran.

Rebecca became Mrs. Emanuel Barrett.

John James married Nellie, daughter of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, and settled on Droop, where Lincoln Cochran now lives, but finally moved West. Their family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Jane, Eliza, Kate, David, William and John.

Thus with the assistance of the venerable John Cochran, probably the oldest man now living on the Pocahontas and Greenbrier border, and George Cochran, his relative and neighbor, the writer has been able to give something in illustrating the James' family history.

This paper will be concluded by recalling the fact that David James, Junior, lived to the age of 106 years. The greatest age attained by any one of our Pocahontas citizens, concerning whom we have any authentic information. The cottage home still stands whence he departed for the unseen world, and his grave will be an object of interest in our local annals and should be carefully marked so as not to be forgotten.

David Cochran, a son of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, by his second

marriage with Nellie, daughter of David James, Sr., deserves mention from the fact that he was a veteran of the war of 1812. As has been noted elsewhere David Cochran's first wife was Sally Salisbury, daughter of William Salisbury, the Englishman, and lived on the Salisbury Place. He had for his mess-mates in the army William Salisbury, Jr., John McNeil, (known as Little John), and John R. Flemmens. He was in the affair at Crainey Island, near Norfolk. While it is not certain, yet it is believed he served a tour under General Harrison in the west, as he frequently spoke of him. It is probable that he was in the battle of Tippecanoe. John Cochran, near the Greenbrier line is the only surviving member of the old soldier's family. He will be 92 years of age November 2, 1898.

David Cochran, the veteran, suffered grievously the last three or four years of his life. He was treated by Mrs. Diddle, of Monroe County for three years. She undertook to cure the case for forty dollars. Several visits were made; she was at his bedside when he died of hemorrhage, superinduced by the cancer, in October, 1881.

John Cochran has a vivid recollection of the Regimental Master at Huntersville, in May, 1864. On returning from muster rather late in the evening, persons were racing their horses in a furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, became unmanageable, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh. William Gibson, merchant and hotel-keeper at Huntersville, was sent for. After considerable delay, means were contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville in the dark. Squire Gibson, though not a physician, took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while, until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for every body, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnanimity his opponent confessed himself in the fault and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

In perusing recent eulogies over successful jurists, statesmen, and divines, that in reference to their education but little importance seems to be attached to what was acquired at college, university, or seminary. It is intimated that the schools merely convert the mind into a store-house of dry facts, when scholastic methods are sedulously pursued and relied upon. The education that explained their success, by broadening, elevating, and adorning their intellectual character, seemed traceable to their careful and wide reading of the best up-to-date books; close and accurate study of nature and living men, and thoughtful investigation of the problems of life from the Bible point of view. If this continues to be the way of explaining success in life, there will have to be a great reform in scholastic methods, or our educational institutions will come to be regarded as places where youth, at vast expense of time and pecuniary means are brilliantly taught how not to make a success of life under existing conditions.

The Republic of Liberia is about to call on us for protection, and it would put a strain on our consistency to refuse such a request from our own step-son, when we are possibly adopting so many bantling republics.—Philadelphia Record.



BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Burgess, the Irish Immigrant.—John Burgess, Jr. the Ancestor of the Pocahontas Burgessses.

W. T. P.

Concurrently with the passing century, the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this relationship was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation and settled near Albany, N. Y., where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelly, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentucky, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

John Burgess, Junior, married a Miss Kelly, of New York, and soon after the Revolution removed to Harrisonburg, Virginia. In his family were three sons and eight daughters, concerning whom we have the following details, furnished by David Burgess:

Mary (Polly) married her cousin James Young and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse and settled at Mill Point, now Pocahontas County. He was among the first blacksmiths that struck sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the civil war and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

Jane became Mrs Thomas Armstrong and lived near Churchville, Virginia.

Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison; the pioneer, and settled on lands now in the possession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the previous century and for a number of the earlier years of the current century, many of the older hunters were supplied by him with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels, about 1798. His first marriage was with Sarah Casebolt, and lived near Mill Point. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs David McNair and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNair, daughter of Daniel McNair, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts and McDowells, notable families in the Valley of Virginia, in the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

John Burgess was a carpenter by occupation. He did the carpenter work on the dwelling occupied for many years by the late George W. Poage, the ruins of which are still to be seen near Preston, Clark's beautiful home. The Jordan barn

near Hillsboro was one of his many jobs, and still stands in a good state of preservation. For a long series of years he made most of the coffins needed in lower Pocahontas. He was drafted into military service during the war of 1812, but owing to the critical state of his wife's health, he was permitted to put in a substitute, and remain with his family. He thus escaped the suffering and privation that caused the death of many of our mountain people during the notable defense of Norfolk, vicinity that was planned to shield Richmond from British invasion and depredation.

John Burgess, Jr., of John, the immigrant, the immediate ancestor of the Pocahontas families, whose history is illustrated in part by this sketch, claimed to have been a Revolutionary soldier and served in the artillery, and was one of the first to enlist and the last to be disbanded of the New York Continental Troops. While we have in hand no positive information to this effect, yet there is much reason for believing that John Burgess, Jr., was at the surrender of General Burgoyne.

As the reader will readily remember very memorable events occurred not very far from where John Burgess, the immigrant, lived and reared his family. It is more than probable that his loom wove the blanket his son used in the service and some of the neighbor soldiers were clothed in material prepared by his industrious hands.

Thus close one more brief chapter in the suggestive history of our Pocahontas People. Let it be our aim not only to emulate, but surpass what our ancestry accomplished and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

She Had Her Way.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."  
"I guess not."  
"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car is crowded. There are people standing up."  
"That's all right."  
"I haven't time to argue the matter ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."  
"I've never paid for him yet and I'm not going to begin now."  
"You've got to begin sometime. If you haven't had to put up fare for him you're mighty lucky, or else you don't do much traveling."  
"That's all right."  
"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."  
"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."  
"You ought to know what the rules of this road are ma'am. How old is that boy?"  
"I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman down the aisle. He got on with him."—Philadelphia Press.

African Courtship.

The other evening I saw among the natives the carrying off of a girl from a location. This carrying off is called by them ukutwala, and the girl, tho not indisposed to accept the man, causes obstacles to be placed in his way. He eventually watches his opportunity (after first placing so many head of cattle in the kraal of the girl's father) and carries her off by main force. The heart-rending cries of the bride as she is carried away are something pitiful—a cry that pierces the heart of a Christian, but is a cry of her own, which, being interpreted, means: "Do n't take me, but I want to go, for I like it."—Johannesburg Standard.

"The first wire-wound gun ordered by the United States is expected to be delivered at the proving ground at Sandy Hook, New York harbor, soon," says Cassier's Magazine. "This gun will be of 10 inches bore, 46 calibres in length, and will weigh 30 tons. The contract specifies a normal initial velocity of 2,600 feet per second, or 800 feet per second more than that required for any hooped gun in the United States service. J. H. Brown the inventor of this type of gun is confident that it will stand a charge sufficient to raise the muzzle velocity to 3,000 feet per second without material injury to its structure. From official experiments already made at Sandy Hook proving-ground with an experimental 5 inch Brown gun, this initial velocity appears not only possible, but probable."



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late of Anthonys Creek.

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These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly) and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky. Mary was the wife of Col John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and a member of the Virginia Legislature, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his absence he met and married Hannah Gady in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older people as a sprightly person. Soon after his return, Joseph Moore settled on the homestead, building his house between Goadlet's residence and the barn. He finally moved to Anthonys Creek.

Their family consisted of five daughters and three sons: Hannah, Sarah, Matilda, Margaret, Abigail, Daniel, Joseph, Jr., and Henry Harrison.

Sarah was married to Jackson Bussard, on Anthonys Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died in the battle of Dry Creek, near the White Sulphur. Joseph H. Bussard, Assessor for Pocahontas, is her son.

Matilda became Mrs Elijah May on Anthonys Creek. Her sons John and Calvin married Lizzie and Lillia, daughters of Mr and Mrs Register Moore, near Marlinton.

Margaret was married to Jacob Blizzard, of Greenbrier County, and went West.

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Joseph Moore, Esqr., was a very prominent citizen in county affairs. He was high sheriff, justice of the peace, a popular school teacher, and was very much sought after for drawing up deeds, articles of agreement, and writing wills. His judgement in matters of controversy seems to have been very correct as but few suits brought contrary to his advice ever succeeded in the courts.

One of my earliest recollections of Squire Moore was when I was a half grown lad, attending school at Huntersville from home in Marlinton. My first lessons in grammar were conned during those morning and evening rides. One play-time I was at "Governor" Haynes' Hotel, on the corner now occupied by the McClintic property. Squire Moore, who had spent the forenoon in the clerk's office with the late Henry M. Moffett, was seen coming up the street very slowly. It was a hot day in summer, and he was in his shirt sleeves, with his vest unbuttoned and thrown open, and full saddle bags over his shoulder. Mr Haynes calls out, "Squire

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It would require more time and

space than is allotted to these me-

moirs to write out all that might

come to mind about this interest-

ing man, so we will only give one

more reminiscence. In April 1848

I spent a rainy afternoon with

Squire Moore in a school he was

teaching near Sunset, in the old

Daugherty building. He showed

me a question in arithmetic that

puzzled him. He could find the

answer called for, but it would not

"prove out," and he could not be

satisfied with any thing that would

not "prove out."

We put our heads together and

found a result that would "prove

out." So we both felt that we

knew more than the man who

wrote the book, that much of it, at

least. We lingered after school

was out till it was so near night

that when I returned to William

Harper's, the evening candle was

already lighted and placed on the

dinner table.

After proving out things in our

ciphering consultation, we had a

talk about the Bible and Christian

religion. I was a Bible distribut-

or at that time, as some of the old-

er people may remember. The hab-

it the Squire had of "proving out"

things came into evidence again:

"William, you must excuse me if

I talk a little plain to you for you

may think strangely of the way I

sometimes talk. There are people

who think I am an infidel because

I sometimes make remarks they do

n't agree with. I have studied a

good deal about religion, and if

you have as much sense as I think

you have, you will some day see

these things as I do. I always keep

a Bible or Testament handy to me

when I am at home and most al-

ways carry a Testament in my sad-

dle pockets when away on business.

"Now you must excuse me, Wil-

liam, when I say to you that in my

private opinion there can't be much

in the Christian religion if it puts

its most earnest and zealous pro-

fessors to wearing out the knees of

their pants in religious services in

the fall and winter, and then lets

them turn over and wear out the

rest of their breeches backsliding

during the spring and summer.

Somehow, William, it does not

prove out to suit my notion what

religion should be, provided there

is such a thing as religion any-

how."

I felt that Squire Moore was not

disposed to discuss personal piety

seriously, and the subject was

changed. We never met again to

compare opinions about any mat-

ter. I learn from his friends, how-

ever that during the closing years

of his life he gave close attention

to his Bible. He has been seen sit-

ting for hours in the shade of an

apple tree with the open Bible on

his knee.

For when we were without

strength in due time Christ died

for the ungodly.

Much more than, being now jus-

tified by his blood, we shall be sav-

ed from wrath through Him.

It is my fervent hope that my

aged friend was able to 'prove out'

that it is a "faithful saying, worthy

of all acceptance that Christ Je-

sus came into the world to save

sinners, even the chief; and that

he was willing to take the sinner's

place and receive the sinner's sal-

vation, at the same time praying,

"cast me not off in the time of old

age, forsake me not when my

strength fails."



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teaching near Sunset, in the old

Daugherty building. He showed

me a question in arithmetic that

puzzled him. He could find the

answer called for, but it would not

"prove out," and he could not be

satisfied with any thing that would

not "prove out."

We put our heads together and

found a result that would "prove

out." So we both felt that we

knew more than the man who

wrote the book, that much of it, at

least. We lingered after school

was out till it was so near night

that when I returned to William

Harper's, the evening candle was

already lighted and placed on the

dinner table.

After proving out things in our

ciphering consultation, we had a

talk about the Bible and Christian

religion. I was a Bible distribut-

or at that time, as some of the old-

er people may remember. The hab-

it the Squire had of "proving out"

things came into evidence again:

"William, you must excuse me if

I talk a little plain to you for you

may think strangely of the way I

sometimes talk. There are people

who think I am an infidel because

I sometimes make remarks they do

n't agree with. I have studied a

good deal about religion, and if

you have as much sense as I think

you have, you will some day see

these things as I do. I always keep

a Bible or Testament handy to me

when I am at home and most al-

ways carry a Testament in my sad-

dle pockets when away on business.

"Now you must excuse me, Wil-

liam, when I say to you that in my

private opinion there can't be much

in the Christian religion if it puts

its most earnest and zealous pro-

fessors to wearing out the knees of

their pants in religious services in

the fall and winter, and then lets

them turn over and wear out the

rest of their breeches backsliding

during the spring and summer.

Somehow, William, it does not

prove out to suit my notion what

religion should be, provided there

is such a thing as religion any-

how."

I felt that Squire Moore was not

disposed to discuss personal piety

seriously, and the subject was

changed. We never met again to

compare opinions about any mat-

ter. I learn from his friends, how-

ever that during the closing years

of his life he gave close attention

to his Bible. He has been seen sit-

ting for hours in the shade of an

apple tree with the open Bible on

his knee.

For when we were without

strength in due time Christ died

for the ungodly.

Much more than, being now jus-

tified by his blood, we shall be sav-

ed from wrath through Him.

It is my fervent hope that my

aged friend was able to 'prove out'

that it is a "faithful saying, worthy

of all acceptation that Christ Je-

sus came into the world to save

sinners, even the chief; and that

he was willing to take the sinner's

place and receive the sinner's sal-

vation, at the same time praying,

"cast me not off in the time of old

age, forsake me not when my

strength fails."



HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Memorabilia of Huntersville and Organization of the County.

PART II.

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W. T. P.

Against Delay.

Gather the rose-buds while you may,  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow will be dying.  
Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while you may, go marry:  
For, having once but lost your prime,  
You may forever tarry.—Herriek.

Quay, without specially desiring to revive plum-tree memories, might well exclaim: "Shake!" when he meets a friend these days. The Times, Philadelphia.

By carefully examining the returns, Mr. McKinley will see that Destiny got her wires crossed in a few places.—The Tribune, Detroit.

Count

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The following fragment from Potts, deceased

"I, John Potts, seventy-first year of the experience of the experience as a mill over the floor from an evil h

"My father me, and from the mill place to me; the bi heavy wooden mill have been My father and we work member, not more of the w his hair until or night and was twenty-th life, his being end, and the descended to me

"Now I know world to say I have hairy p made the sub times than I head. I tau when it was I never heard it at my palm an untarily. I harmless am afforded heav up to my cre count hereaft

"In a certain Honest is but at best. The safe assertion now, a safe honest man's God, for no brave enough have been honest than dit for being, expected me can claim to But that dic wanted to be after a time I set about right

"I have p agent miller says he lays damages if I than one g How much miller wants grain is left does the cust ful more or l ler would ask begrudge it. miller hesitat er a couple o mentioned it.

"They told lawyers neve was never an one jury in fore a justice have a crack but he knew me by exousi that I was a that did get worse than e ed to have d better off by

"After my was no one l the old log-b by the mill-c to get marrie since and h that I was ne My frame w together, an have been s It looked lik sold at a p time I was t was in blissf rugged featu ed to attrac met with se tried to ruffi "At that curred to me or walks of l or that any c quittance tions to beco Then it was,



## MILL POINT.

Miss Etta Smith is visiting at J. B. Pyles'.

Miss Grace Wade has been visiting at I. B. Smith's.

Miss Maud Smith has been visiting her sister, Mrs Bessie Shafer.

Frank Moore went to Marlinton on Monday, and W. H. Shafea on Tuesday.

The protracted meeting at Marvin, conducted by Rev Dills, seems to be doing much good.

The Gypsy camp is near the church, and the Gypsies seem to enjoy the music and motions of Christians very much.

There is no doubt that men are created for the accomplishment of some good in the world, but the calling cannot be read from the heart of the hand. There is a science called astrology that will show to a man the exact calling or occupation for him, and no man can have genuine success unless he follows the pursuit he is made for. Mill Point now has a Professor in Astrology.

The camp of Gypsies now at Marvin is without a doubt the largest ever in the county. They are now preparing to leave, but for the last two weeks things have been kept stirring on their account such as horse trading, horse racing and fortune telling. The Gypsy mode of fortune telling is nothing more nor less than a sort of mind reading, accompanied by an acquaintance with human nature. By continual practice the Gypsy can with some accuracy tell with some accuracy their passions and desires, by simply glancing at the open countenance.

HOME FOR SALE:—9 acres of land; good new house and other necessary buildings. Situated on public road, one mile from post office.

Apply to

MRS BESSIE SHAFER.

Mill Point, W. Va.

### The Proportions.

It is a rule, somewhat severe,  
But true as Deuteronomy;  
There's just one month of Christmas cheer,  
And eleven of economy.  
—Washington Star.

### Quarterly Meetings.

Pendleton, Judy Church, December 3, 4; Highland, Fair View, Dec. 10, 11; Edray, Dec. 17, 18; Ronceverte, Mt Sidney, Dec. 31, January 1; Monroe, Central, January 7, 8; Greenbrier, McMillion, 21, 22; Paint Bank, Maple Grove, 28, 29; Rich Patch, Alleghany Station, Feb. 4, 5; Augusta, Sherando, Feb. 11, 12; Blue Sulphur, Hills Chapel, February 25, 26; Forest Hill, Potertown, March 11, 12.

D. C. HEDRICK. P. M.



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"In a certain Honest is but at best. The safe assertion now, a safe honest man's God, for no brave enough have been honest than dit for being, expected me can claim to But that dic wanted to be after a time I set about right

"I have p agent miller says he lays damages if I than one g How much miller wants grain is left does the cust ful more or l ler would ask begrudge it. miller hesitat er a couple o mentioned it.

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